

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER



The Great Agricultural Workers' Drive

Boycott All California-Made Goods!

THE state of California has put itself outside the pale of civilization.
It has taken from workingmen the right to organize.
It has suppressed free speech and free assemblage.
It persecutes men for reading in public the Constitution of the United States.
BOYCOTT ALL CALIFORNIA-MADE GOODS!

The state of California wants to reduce the working class to a condition worse than chattel slavery.
It sends men to prison for believing in and advocating industrial unionism.
It has reverted to barbarism and the dark days of the Spanish inquisition.
Its criminal syndicalism law is an outrage and an insult to the working class of the whole world.
BOYCOTT ALL CALIFORNIA-MADE GOODS!

The state of California has sentenced over fifty workingmen from one to twenty-eight years in prison for being members of a labor union — the Industrial Workers of the World.
These men are now rotting in Folsom and San Quentin penitentiaries for the “crime” of trying to improve the miserable living conditions of their class; for the “crime” of having the courage of their convictions.
Scores of others are now on trial, or out on bail, awaiting sentence.
The crimes being committed by the state of California cry out to high heaven.
BOYCOTT ALL CALIFORNIA-MADE GOODS!

The state of California keeps in prison for life men who are admitted by the whole world to be innocent — Mooney and Billings, Ford and Suhr.
The city of San Pedro has arrested and herded into stockades like cattle over six hundred peaceful striking marine workers and sympathizers.
The state of California is paying ten dollars a day to three professional witnesses, Dymond, Coutts, and Townsend, moral and sexual perverts, who have confessed to having committed so many crimes that they ought to be put behind prison bars for the balance of their lives.
The corrupt and vicious powers that rule and control Colifornia have caused the arrest of Upton Sinclair, internationally known writer and idealist, for upholding the United States Constitution.
BOYCOTT ALL CALIFORNIA-MADE GOODS!

Demand the liberation of all workingmen and women incarcerated in California's dungeons!
Demand the repeal of the infamous criminal syndicalism law!
In the meantime—
BOYCOTT ALL CALIFORNIA-MADE GOODS!



Vol. I.

The
Industrial Pioneer

No. 3

Edited by Henry Van Dorn

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The Industrial Pioneer

Vol. I.

JULY, 1923

No. 3

The Great Agricultural Workers' Drive

ONE of the chief failings of human beings is that they have an appetite. Right or wrong, no matter what happens, people like to eat—and what's more, they are real serious about it, too. A few have tried the experiment of living without eating, but apparently without much success; as a rule they die just as the experiment is about to succeed.

This is where Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 of the I. W. W. comes in. It attends to the very important business of keeping this nation alive. In the spring of each year its members scatter over the food-producing states and, together with other workers who have not yet heard the great message of working class solidarity, they pick the berries and cut the hay and harvest and thresh the wheat, oats and other cereals. Then, when the long and sultry days of summer begin to grow shorter and cooler, they dig the potatoes and husk the corn.

And as a result of their manifold activities, the one hundred and ten million men, women and children who make up this nation trip merrily along the highway of life, hardly ever giving even a thought to those thousands of agricultural workers who in the sweat of their brow, working long hours for insufficient pay, keep the nation supplied with food—feeding the parasites as well as the producers of wealth.

Last Year's Accomplishments

Just to get an idea of the scope and extent of the work carried on by the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110, we are citing these figures: In the year 1922 this union took in 14,459 new members, and the cash receipts of business transacted amounted to \$135,055.40. This year the prospects for organization work are much brighter

than they have ever been. To date the number of members initiated has been almost double what it was last year about the same time. Of course, almost the same ratio is maintained by the other I. W. W. unions, which merely goes to show that the workers are beginning to wake up to the necessity of real class-conscious industrial unionism.

The Spring Convention

All indications are that the territory covered and the results obtained in the 1923 drive will be by far greater than anything ever before accomplished. The 110 Spring Convention took place in Oklahoma City, from May 20th to 24th; the constructive measures taken there give promise of great things to follow. The drive started with a bang at this mass convention and every indication is that this spirit will be maintained thruout. Here follow some of the important actions taken:

On top of the fifty cents commission allowed every delegate for initiating a new member an additional fifty cents for expenses will be allowed. This is equivalent to going back to the dollar commission that was in effect during other years. Considering the great work that the delegates are doing in spreading the gospel of class solidarity by lining up new members they certainly are entitled to the additional fifty cents.

Another constructive step taken was putting out a number of "voluntary traveling delegates" and giving them ten dollars per week wages. This will make it possible for them to do better organization work by relieving their minds of the anxiety of the grub question—that is, while they are not at the point of production.

The Convention also authorized the G. O. C. and the Secretary-Treasurer to issue a special one dollar stamp to pay the quota

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

of I. U. 110 of the \$62,000.00 bail and bond indebtedness which was incurred by Haywood and others forfeiting their bonds by leaving the country. The I. U. 110 quota will amount to \$13,150.00; there is little doubt that 110 will be able to wipe this amount off its slate during the coming year.

The organization drive has been planned to include much more territory than it ever did before. For instance, states that have hardly been touched during the previous drives will be paid especial attention to this year. Several thousand dollars have been set aside to push the organization drive in the infamous state of California where working men are thrown into the penitentiary for fourteen years for the "crime" of belonging to labor unions. A special effort will also be made to reach the Palouse, the great wheat belt in the state of Washington. This wheat belt is known as the "big combination country" on account of the harvesting and threshing being done by gigantic combination machines drawn in many cases by as many as twenty and thirty horses. The harvest starts about the middle of July.

The following motion taken from the minutes of the Oklahoma City Convention is also pregnant with meaning: "That this body go on record in favor of 110 using all the energy possible for a decisive drive thru the corn belt this fall."

Harvesting and Threshing

About the time that this magazine will be off the press work in some of the agricultural districts will already be on in full blast. Haying in the more southern states—such as Oklahoma and Kansas—starts in as early as the first part of June and is quickly followed by harvesting. From there on the movement of the agricultural workers is towards the north, as the crops ripen with the advancement of summer. After work is completed in the two states mentioned above, the men proceed to Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Montana. After the threshing is all done in the last named states hundreds of the agricultural workers cross the boundary line into Canada, where the work is kept



The Man in Auto Represents the Bankers and Commercial Clubs, Who Profit More From the Farmer's Crops Than the Farmer Himself.

up in some localities long after the snow begins to fly.

But besides taking in the grain harvest I. U. 110 is also going to devote much attention this year to the other crops. There are states such as Michigan, Arkansas, Iowa, Illinois, Oregon, and others, in which hardly a beginning has yet been made in reaching the agricultural workers with the message of the One Big Union. Besides, there is the great Panhandle wheat district in northern Texas, to reach which not even an attempt has yet been made. Of course, owing to various peculiar conditions and the psychology of the southerners, especially Texans, the workers in this part of the country are very hard to organize. But we are confident that even this task will not prove too great for I. U. 110, which has accomplished such wonders in the past.

Oklahoma and Kansas

There is a peculiar characteristic about the I. W. W. which will stand investigation by some of the so-called great psychologists in our universities. It is this: The more the I. W. W. is persecuted in some localities, the more it seems to grow there. Take, for instance, the example furnished recently in California, and especially in the port of San Pedro. Was there ever such brutal and relentless persecution of any labor organization in America and were ever the results obtained so gratifying to the organization persecuted?

In Oklahoma the powers that be are starting out early this year with a campaign of intimidating the agricultural workers. Word reaches us as we write this that already thirty members have been arrested in Enid, Oklahoma. It seems that the commercial clubs and bankers who instigate the persecution against these workers are so thick-headed that they can never get it thru their skulls that the spirit of class-solidarity thrives on persecution. We will see in a few weeks what attitude the authorities in Kansas will take towards the I. W. W. Whether an attempt will be made to enforce the injunction against organization work in the state we cannot tell at the present time. For three years it has been inactive and our defense lawyers are of the opinion that no such attempt will be made. But should the Kansas state authorities try to uphold this injunction, the case will doubtlessly be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

Fighting the Town Clowns

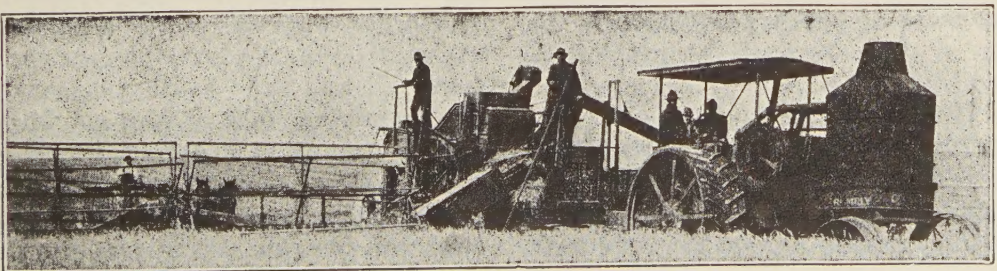
Making a success of an agricultural workers' drive is by no means an easy task. It's a man-sized job, in the full meaning of the term. Many snags are met with;

many obstacles have to be overcome. The main of these, of course, are the activities of the commercial clubs and the bankers. The town clowns—that is, the sheriffs and other police officers—are of course nothing but henchmen of the bankers and the mercantile interests which control the rural centers. But, of course, they have never yet been able to stop a real live, aggressive wobbly delegate, who has made up his mind to go thru hell and high water, in doing his duty towards the I. W. W.—nor will they be able to stop him in this drive.

Besides the obstacles enumerated above, there is also a class of workers which is very hard to reach. The most noteworthy among this class are the homesteaders in North Dakota, and Montana, who are out to make a few dollars even if to accomplish this they have to work for next to nothing. A lot of these people have not the slightest idea of what real wages look like, and in some cases it's a hard proposition to keep them from working for chuck, to say nothing of genuine, honest-to-goodness money, but we are confident that in the course of time even they will realize that "an injury to one is an injury to all."

The Agricultural Workers' Drive this year is going to be without a shadow of a doubt the most successful and aggressive one ever conducted by I. U. No. 110. There is no more fitting way for closing this article than by reprinting the following resolution passed by the Oklahoma City Convention:

"Resolved, That we re-affirm our adherence to the I. W. W. Preamble and the cardinal principles of the I. W. W., and that this resolution be given publicity in all I. W. W. publications."



How to Strike

By VERN SMITH

INTRODUCTION

THE need is apparent for a manual of the strike. Of course, all strikes are different ; furthermore, strikes in one industry have peculiar characteristics and peculiar problems that make them unlike strikes in any other industry. It would be ridiculous, for example, to expect to win a sailors' strike by the same tactics exactly that the lumberjacks could use.

But there are resemblances between strikes, too. There are certain universal principles, in the strategy of the class-war, that apply, just as general principles apply in military combat. They are useful when taken as suggestions, not to be followed word for word, but applied to the circumstances with judgment and "horse sense."

This series of articles is intended to be such a manual.

It will fall properly into three parts, which are: first the problem of when to strike and how to get started; second, the question of practical organization to win, what committees, what sort of publicity, and how to get it out, how to keep up morale, how to get finances, when to carry the strike on the job, how to use job action, how to picket, etc.; and third, the problems involved in ending the strike, what demands are essential and what can be compromised, how to audit the accounts, satisfy everybody that there is no graft, stay organized for the next strike, and in general follow up the victory.

The first part of the manual, contained in this first article will have to be rather more theoretical and descriptive, with less practical details, because so many strikes are not started, but happen instead, and because of the nature of the preparatory work.

PART I.

WHEN TO STRIKE AND HOW TO START

The strike is the chief weapon of militant Labor. This accounts for the heat-wave of capitalistic newspaper venom, for

torrents of anti-strike propaganda which flow steadily from pulpit and rostrum, and it accounts for the sickly fogs of sentimentalism with which the question is beclouded, and in which the employer hides himself, and the worker loses himself.

The capitalist has succeeded in setting a mark of disgrace, a stigma, on the very word "strike," so that conservative union men adopt a timid and shame-faced manner, as tho doing something that had to be apologized for when they enter upon what should be an honest and open attempt to take back a little of what has been stolen from them. Unions starting a big strike usually begin by explaining that it is the employers that lock them out, etc. They issue proclamations that read like the "white books" of hypocritical capitalist governments attempting to prove themselves very angels of peace and non-resistance, at the time of a great war they are fighting in their own interests.

Too often it really is the employers that start the strike, and too often the conditions are intolerable. That is nothing to be bragging about. It merely shows that the workers have been docile, meek and submissive. They ought to go gladly on strike, recognizing that at last a portion of the working class has mustered the courage, and developed the will, to defy the great tyranny of the employers, the enemy in the class-war.

Preliminary Propaganda

Wherever possible, then, the strike should be preceded by propaganda intended to sweep away the misconceptions, the capitalist ideals, and prejudices, with which the workers' minds have been poisoned. The workers are not naturally sentimental, and they are courageous. They can stand the sight of horror. They need to know the worst. They must be convinced that they are not just sometimes, but all of the time, in a struggle with the boss, that this struggle exists from the very na-



A Mass Meeting of I. W. W. Strikers During the Recent Water Front Strike in San Pedro, Calif.

ture of things, since they can not have that portion of the product which the master takes for himself, and the master can not have what the worker gets in the shape of wages, board or good conditions.

There is no space here to go into a full description of the class struggle, but there are innumerable leaflets and publications which specialize in it, and if possible, workmen who are likely to go on strike should be deluged with such propaganda. A clear realization of the class struggle makes a determined striker.

It is possible to narrow the field, if there is a practical certainty that we are dealing with a number of wage earners who will strike in the near future, and spend some time directly sweeping out the cobwebs that the master has been spinning. We should argue away such expressions as, "The Waste of Strikes," "Destructive Disputes," "Loss of Wages," "Unfortunate Strife," "Hardships of Women and Children," "Job Lost," "Better Be Safe Than Sorry," "Labor Should Recognize Its Responsibility," and other slogans of like nature, which always appear in the capitalist propaganda, thicker and thicker, before the day of the walk-

out. They are defeatist phrases, intended to maintain the fiction that strikes are very risky, and not very moral undertakings, and that disputes should be arbitrated, compromised, settled, as soon as possible. They can be met and completely annihilated by a true statement of the situation that exists between the working class and the capitalist class.

For its moral effect, an attempt should be made to substitute such notions as "Breaking the Chains," "Crippling the Boss," "Victorious Working Class," "Labor Deserves All It Produces," etc. It is a good plan to get everybody to use in daily speech such words as "Wage Slave," to make people realize the fact that the workers have little to lose by fighting, since they are already degraded about as far as it is possible to be, and that the approaching fight is going to give them some opportunity at least to recover their manhood.

Human beings are to a large degree creatures of habits. If the worker has been in the habit of thinking he is free and that there is little to gain by a change, if he is slothful and lethargic, mentally, if he dreads "trouble," and wishes to be friendly

with the boss, then it is a good thing to jar him out of those habits by pointing out the many abuses he suffers, merely as proof that he has allowed himself to be weak. This is not argument to justify the strike for it needs no justification. The existence of abuses means that the worker has neglected his duty, to himself and all other workers; has failed to make conditions as good as he could have made them.

What To Do About The "Public"

Sometimes the master class drags in a mythical "public" and goes so far as to make laws forbidding strikes. Kansas with its industrial Court is an example; New Zealand with its now discredited arbitration schemes was another. Similar to this is the plan of getting some judge to grant an injunction against the workers, forbidding them to strike.

This sort of thing causes great distress of mind to the worker who does not understand the function of government in capitalist society. He finds himself forced to give up his fight, and go back whipped, or else oppose his government, his country, which he loves. The clearer we have made it to the average worker, that there is no government worth respecting, that the capitalistic governments are merely the executive committees of the rich men, and are always going to be on the side of the employers, the easier it will be for the striker to stick to his class in an industrial dispute.

Where there are anti-strike laws, it is necessary to point out that they are slavery, that any ordinance or any court which tells a worker he can not quit his job, has instituted slavery, not just wage slavery, which we already had, but chattel slavery, convict slavery, the sort the Negroes have in the South. Such laws and judgments are unconstitutional, and it is the duty of even the patriots to oppose them.

To often, of course, this propaganda can not be carried out. It is general in its nature, and should be always as widespread as possible, but the chance to strike often develops in a quarter that has not been educated.

Strikes in fact seem to be of three general sorts. There are: the strike in which job control exists, like the last coal strike of the United Mine Workers; the strike in partially organized industries, like the I. W. W. General Strike of May 1, 1923; and the spontaneous, unorganized strike, like the Lawrence textile strike in 1912. These strikes are only different in their origin, not in their conduct after they are started.

The Job Control Strike

The strike where the workers are thoroughly organized has many advantages, if the strikers are wise enough to use them. In the first place an organization which is strong enough to maintain a closed shop, as the U. M. W. did in the coal fields in 1922, could have circulated an enormous amount of propaganda, could have everybody so wise to the facts in the case, that no gesture by the government, no treachery of the officials could hinder the strike. The U. M. W. of A. did not do this, but that is a fault which A. F. of L. unions possess in themselves, and does not do away with the favorable circumstances.

The next great advantage which job control gives is the opportunity of sudden attack. If the workers are always ready to struggle, an organization, no matter how large, could be thrown on strike in a single week. A referendum would not be required. The membership could give consent for a strike to take place when the situation is favorable, and the headquarters could announce the date by messenger, if the capitalist telegraph service and postal system would not carry the strike call. The strike could spread from the center out, the districts most distant from headquarters would hear of the walk-out from capitalist sources and would probably anticipate the message.

The strike would be complete. On Saturday night the capitalists might be licking their chops with pleased anticipation of enormous profits, by the middle of the next week, they might be wandering again thru their flooding mines, or silent factories, wondering how many years it would take them to

Industrial Workers of the World

1001 WEST MADISON STREET

CHICAGO, ILL.



November, 1922

Strike! Strike! Strike!

"THE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON!"

The above words are ringing true to form! The Masters have declared war on organized labor. They have been and are still trying to destroy all labor organizations. Their recent success with the United Mine Workers of America, Railroad Shop-crafts, the independent union at Lawrence, Massachusetts, the various organizations in the textile industry in the New England states and the old seamen's union, has greatly encouraged them until they have become drunk with power, blind to injustice, and thirsty for blood,—all for the sake of profits.

They centered their attacks upon the Industrial Workers of the World during the War. Shortly after the armistice was signed, they commenced their campaign of labor organization and all except the Industrial Workers of the World were under attack.

Facsimile of an I. W. W. Strike Bulletin Sent Out Last Winter as Part of Educational Campaign Carried On Preparatory to Striking.

make up what they lost by not yielding at once to demands they first heard on Sunday. There would be no opportunity for piling up reserve supplies of coal, or other products, no chance to call out armies of scabs and gunmen, no chance to bribe union officials, no chance for any preparation. The swifter the strike comes, the more terrifying it is, and the more real damage it does.

Strikes are only won by doing damage to the employer. It is the fear of losing profits that causes him to yield to the demands.

The Paralyzing Contract

There would be no chance for such an onslaught as this if the workers were tied up with bundles of legal tape, with contracts, that have time limits. No worker should be a party to a contract. To make a contract with a robber who holds you up at the point of a gun would be as reasonable. In fact, it is not possible for a worker to make a contract with a boss that is legally or morally binding. To contract, even under the principles of capitalist law, you have to be a free agent. A slave cannot bargain, since he has no will of his own. Even under capitalist

law, if a man signs a contract under threat of great bodily injury, it is illegal, he cannot be held by it. If workers find a contract in their way, when the time comes to strike, they are justified, by the spirit at least, of even capitalist law, in disregarding the contract, since it was signed under threat of the most extreme bodily injury, namely—starvation.

In order to be free to violate the rules which capitalist lawyers have made for the conduct of the workers, unions should have their treasuries safeguarded by concealment, or by being held in another name, or by some other trick. Otherwise, even if no law is broken, the courts will seize them on some pretext—"attach" them, as it is called.

The United Mine Workers in their great strike of last year had no such precautions, of course.

Naturally, in this strike, as in all strikes, there should be every effort made to spread the walk-out over as many industries as possible, but unless there is organization covering all these industries to start with, organization wide enough to make it a general strike from the beginning, the spreading has

to be done after the first industry or plant goes out, and therefore will be discussed in the second article of this series.

What is demanded, whether conditions are good or bad for the employer, provided they are not so bad as to shut down the industry altogether, does not matter very much in this sort of strike. The workers are bound to win, if they stick it out, and if the strike covers territory enough. Since they can tie up the whole industry, it is difficult for the scabs to get acquainted with the more skilled trades in the industry, and there is no effective production by scabs. A strike which is complete in one or two trades in the in-

dustry stands little chance to win, if the other trades stay at work. The failure of the shopmen's strike is proof of this. A strike which covers only a few mines or a few plants, is usually broken, because there are flying squadrons of scabs who are partially trained in skilled trades, and can be, for a considerable price, rushed in to break a small strike. Black Jack Jerome and his crew, are a sample.

The strike machinery need not be very extensive. The regular officials and committees can usually handle the business of starting a strike where job control obtains.

(To Be Continued.)

A Ford Slave Speaks Up

To I. W. W. Branch

Detroit, Mich., June 4, 1923.

YOU fellows in Detroit makes me sick, and your 1 big union, you gets me nervis.

Now hears what I want to get of my chest. I want to tell you that I am a member of the ford famely and prowed off it to. I am perfectly cuntentid. you guys in our country is trying to brake up our homes.

I dont have to mintin the name of the graytest man the world ever prejuced, but he is right in Detroit. you foriners that dont know how to talk our american language have the nerv to tell the likes of men like I that we dont know nottin only work. I am sorry to say too young respectable young men that I knew in me home town one of them works here not at Mr. fords plant, anyway, he has a big job over tool maker and dy setters. He dont drink any hooch. Hes a fine fellow and to me greatest surprise hes a I. W. W. to, yes hes smart as a mekkanic and studys ekoniks—(thats a forign word) but he dont know nothin when he kicks about. He says the hell of a sistem that is, what do you think of that and him earnin over \$200 a month.

Thats not all of it his brother here—he have a swell job to—no not a mekkanic he is what they calls a c. p. akountant and

like his brother he have a I. W. W. card as one day a week ago he was lookin threw some papers in his inside coat poket & I seen it and he had a paper named Solidey in his coat pocket to—I will say its a dam shame where the finest kind of our american boys those with good habits and good jobs and had the lovelyest parents in their home town. If their folks only new all this—good christ theid drop ded. I have a brother he is a locomotiv fireman on the u. p. railway. I expect him to detroit any day and I bet when he heres what I tell him about these boys that I related to he will be shocked to.

As I said I am a ford man I only get \$5 now but after 90 days Il get me \$6—the boss said I am a natural born good worker I can do as good as the best they ever had on that job. the boss thinks the world of me. I think a man near where I work is a I. W. W. somehow he acts like one. no I would not squeel on him nor I wouldnt scab but I have no use for the I. W. W. I am glad to get this of me chest. What could you do if you didnt hav a money man pay you, you fellows are crazee.

I wont sign me name I dont want any nioterity.

B.

Eighty-five Days in Irons

“GOING to sea in ships” is great sport, except when you hire out as a sailor. But let us relate a little story about what happened to a couple workingmen, to illustrate the point.

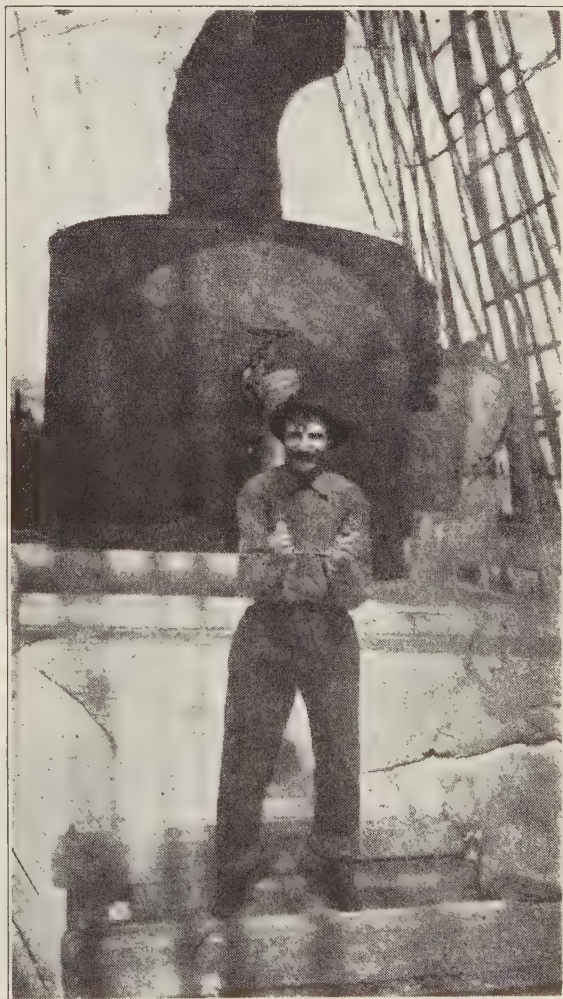
A few weeks ago there came up to the Pioneer office two fellow workers, both of them marine transport workers, one Taylor, being a native American, and the other, Harold Wood, born in Wales. They are of the type of alert, intelligent looking men that one meets among the M. T. W. members everywhere; men who have made up their minds that sailors and marine workers in general are as good men as any that walk in shoe leather; men who are not going to stop till they get the wages, conditions and respect that is rightly due them by virtue of the great and indispensable work they are doing in moving the world's shipping—the life-blood of the nations.

Fellow Workers Wood and Taylor shipped aboard the barkentine “Monterey,” a 1,700 ton five-master, bound for Cape Town, South Africa, on Sept. 23, 1922. They were the only red card men on the ship, the wages running around thirty and forty dollars per month. One of the biggest problems they found was trying to break down the slave-psychology of the other sailors. There are some so-called human beings who will stand for anything, short of being hit over the head with a sledge-hammer.

Here are the conditions that obtained aboard the “Monterey”: No place to sleep, leakage in forecastle so bad that floor was covered most of the time with two feet of water. Grub not fit for hogs to eat, let alone men who are supposed to deliver every twenty-four hours a good day's work. They ran out of lime juice in a week; being without lime is against the law, as it subjects the men to the dangers of the dread scurvy. They ran out of spuds before completing half the trip, when just around the Horn. So their chuck consisted of nothing but “wet hash” and “dry hash,” salt horse and dog biscuits. Either variety of hash is made up of a combination of refuse and garbage

that would make a beef stew in the cheapest eating joint on the Bowery look like a king's repast by comparison.

But the richest part of the menu was what could be called a maggot and molasses dessert. It seems that by some accident they had some ancient ham aboard ship. It could not be learned whether this ham had been excavated from King Tut's grave or not; anyway, there could not have been much difference in vintage between this ham and the corned beef Lord Carnarvon took out of old Tut's tomb. There was so much mold and so many maggots on this ham that the skipper set one of his men



Harold Wood Aboard the “Monterey”

scrubbing it with a wire brush. This mold and maggots were then taken and molasses poured over them, to be served as dessert, the skipper no doubt thinking that the combination would make a toothsome delicacy for his men. Whether he himself or his wife and daughters ate the concoction has not been recorded.

Well, to make a long story short, the men were in hell—and no joke about it; Dante's inferno had nothing on them. No place to sleep, nothing to eat but the worst imaginable garbage, menaced by scurvy and—work like the devil. Feeling among the men began to run high. And so it happened that one day when Fellow Worker Wood was made the subject of an unwarranted "cussing out" by the skipper, he hauled out and landed a wallop on the skipper's chin that sent him sprawling to the deck.

He was then put in irons by the skipper and kept in them for eighty-five days, which includes ten days that he was held prisoner aboard the ship after it reached Cape Town. The picture of Fellow Worker Wood that is reproduced here was taken by a relative of the captain himself aboard the "Monterey".

The water front of Cape Town is controlled to a great extent by the Industrial and Commercial Workers of South Africa, a mixed labor organization dominated almost one hundred per cent by a handful of leaders. The rank and file of the long-shoremen wanted to boycott the ship but these leaders would hear nothing of it. And there the matter was dropped.

Fellow Worker Taylor deserted the ship,

losing thereby his wages and clothes, and managed to get back to the States as a stowaway. In other words, on the way back he worked his passage—after being discovered—and did not get a cent for it. Besides losing his clothes, he put in five months all told of time and hard work, under almost unbearable conditions, and received not a red penny for services rendered. All this owing to the savage and despicable conditions that obtained aboard the "Monterey," and that no doubt obtain to almost as great an extent on other sailing vessels as well.

On the clearance given Harold Wood by the skipper his character and ability are marked as "bad," with a clause inserted calling attention to "insubordination on part of seaman." This is a form of blacklist that the marine transport workers ought to bend every effort to abolish.

The above is just one instance of the kind of treatment that the marine transport workers get at the hands of the shipping interests. Similar things are doubtless taking place aboard other vessels. Truly the life of a sailor is a hard one. But it need not remain such; all that is necessary is for these workers to wake up and do their duty toward themselves and their class. The preachers promise us hell after we are dead, then why live in hell while we are still on earth?

Organization is the only way out. Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union, No. 510, of the Industrial Workers of the World will do away with the unbearable conditions in the marine industry. All shoulders to the wheel!



The International Situation

By HENRY VAN DORN

DAILY papers and weekly publications carry endless columns about what takes place in Europe and other foreign countries. The whole of Europe is in a turmoil and nobody seems to know what's what. Diplomatic complications, alarming reports, minor wars, rumors of wars, clashes between the city workers and the peasants, encounters between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, succeed each other with lightning rapidity. One day it looks as if war were inevitable and the next day the calamity seems to be permanently averted, only to be followed by the cropping up of other portentous possibilities. The worst of this is that hardly anybody seems to have the least conception of the inner meaning and probable consequences of what is taking place.

Bird's-Eye-View of Europe

The proper way to approach this subject is by first getting a bird's-eye-view of the whole situation. No small share of the confusion concerning foreign countries has been created by the radicals themselves. They seem to have a penchant for being carried away by every gust of enthusiasm that comes sailing down the pike. The great majority of conceptions that we harbor about the international situation can only be corrected by getting an insight into the situation as a whole.

Let us take, for instance, the case of Hungary. A few years ago the revolutionary city workers of that country set up a soviet government. Many people were sanguine enough to believe that the new regime could have continued in power had not forcible and untoward events intervened. As a matter of fact, so long as the surrounding countries remained capitalistic there was no chance at all for a permanent proletarian dictatorship, for the simple reason that Hungary is economically dependent on other nations.

Then again, there is the case of Italy. A couple of years ago a general strike was

called in the metal and machinery industries. Hundreds of machine shops and factories were taken over by the workers. The owners were locked out. Again many thought that the social revolution had arrived.

In the eyes of those, however, who understood the interdependence of one European country on another, it was a foregone conclusion that this move on the part of the Italian working class was bound to fail. Italy has no raw materials to speak of. It produces no iron ore and it mines no coal. It has to import the greater part of its textiles. It is short of a great multitude of raw materials that are essential for the continued operation of its industries. Therefore, it stood to reason that just so long as the surrounding countries remain under the domination of the capitalist class a revolution in Italy could not be successful, even were it to be extended to every industry in the country. This, however, was not the case, as it embraced only the metal and machinery industries.

Economic Interdependence

Notwithstanding the many languages that are spoken in Europe, economically the whole continent is a unit. This is to say that Germany could not exist without France and France could not exist without Germany; the smaller countries being dependent wholly on the larger ones.

Racially there is also not much difference. There is no difference racially between any of the peoples living north of the line which separates the northern countries from the distinctly southern ones, such as the Balkan and the Latin countries. Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, the Scandinavians, the Belgians and the people living around the Baltic Sea, are racially of identically the same stock, the only difference being in their languages.

The point that it is intended for the foregoing to make is that the social revolution cannot be confined to one country alone. To

give another example. The British Isles have to import forty per cent of their food supply. The great bulk of the raw materials that are worked up in British industries also come from abroad. This merely means that should there be a serious upheaval in the British Isles without a corresponding change taking place in the rest of Europe, or for that matter in the rest of the world, the British Isles could easily be isolated and could be starved out inside of a very few weeks.

Let us look at Germany. At the present time she depends on foreign countries for most of her iron, all her textile raw materials, all of her oil, most of her metals, a large part of her food, and most of the capital needed to restore her to normal efficiency. It stands to reason, therefore, that the enthusiasm with which many greeted the uprising of the workers in the Ruhr recently was wholly unwarranted. Germany being so wholly at the mercy of other countries which supply it with the necessary raw materials to keep the wheels of its industries running, whatever moves for liberation are made by the German people would, in order to be successful, have to be supported by the workers in the surrounding countries.

Russia comes as close to being a self-sustaining nation as any in Europe, and yet it has found thru bitter experience that economically it cannot stand on its own feet.

Present-Day Europe

Bearing these things in mind let us now take a glance at Europe as it is today. The thing that strikes us more forcibly than anything else is the wave of reaction that is sweeping over the continent from one end to the other. While a few years ago, at the beginning of the Russian revolution, the prospects seemed bright for the abolition of capitalism and the establishment of the supremacy of the working class, at the present time the reverse is true. Italy is under the heel of the bloody and brutal Fascist dictatorship. It is significant to note that at the last Italian Socialist Congress, held a few weeks ago, a membership of

only some ten thousand was represented, as against over two hundred thousand at the previous congress.

The remorseless persecution of labor in Spain has not abated one whit; if anything, it has grown worse. Many hundreds of Spanish workers have been killed outright or are confined in dungeons, which are full to repletion. Not a day passes but some of the more militant of the working class are shot down in cold blood in the open streets by tools of the Spanish bourgeoisie. It is hard to estimate the number of actual victims of the class-war in Spain, but it is safe to say that they run into many thousands. In this connection it might be well to remember that the Fascisti bought the success of their revolution by spilling the blood of about ten thousand working men and women.

The class-war in the Scandinavian countries, in Germany and Great Britain, does not require so many victims as it does in the Latin countries, but the cost in suffering and eventual death is tremendous. In Germany millions of people have been submerged below the poverty level. The misery, poverty, and degradation endured by the German people at the present time is practically incalculable. The hardest hit are those who were formerly in fairly good circumstances—namely, the professional and middle classes. Government employes, clerks, teachers, doctors, lawyers, writers, artists, have been reduced to the level of paupers. The livelihood made by laborers and mechanics is somewhat better than that of the clerks and professionals, but it also does not suffice to keep mind and body together.

The worst of the condition in Germany is that there is little prospect of betterment in the near future. This owing to many causes, which will be enumerated more in detail later on.

Soviet Russia

As is to be expected, the reaction has not only hit these countries, but is demanding a ghastly toll in Soviet Russia as well. While the peasants are, on the whole, much bet-



This Applies With Especial Emphasis to the German Workers in the Ruhr District.

ter off than they were prior to the revolution, the city workers are in a sorry plight. The attempts to introduce the new economic policy have thrown many thousands into the army of the unemployed. To make things worse, the internecine struggle in the ranks of the communists and the revolutionary proletariat in general, between those who want to remain faithful to the ideals of communism and those who want to swallow capitalism—line, hook and sinker—is assuming grave proportions. Initiative on the part of the workers has been stifled thru the abolition of free soviets, which has necessarily reacted unfavorably on the attempt to reconstruct the industrial life of the country. If we are to credit reports reaching us from syndicalist sources, thousands of workers are being imprisoned and exiled for daring to oppose the government's economic policy.

On the other hand, foreign capital is not as anxious to invest in Russia as it might be. The capitalists seem to be still suspicious of the Bolshevik authorities. Many of them are inclined to lie low and wait for a while longer; even the recognition in some quarters, notably in Japan, appears to be close at hand. Lloyd George has recently come out in favor of it.

The reason for the attitude of the capitalists is not far to seek. The revolutionary undercurrent in Russia is still very strong, whatever the actions of the soviet government might be. The Russian revolution was a monumental and an epoch-making event. It has left an indelible imprint of far-reaching implications on the mode of life and the whole mental outlook of the Russian people. At least for a while, the working masses glimpsed and became enraptured of an order of society other than capitalism. Even today many still hold on tenaciously to their former ideals and aspirations for communism, for a better and a nobler world, believing in the actual and literal dictatorship of the proletariat—not over the proletariat; even tho this might mean persecution by the present government.

Besides, the new generation is growing up in a revolutionary atmosphere. It is hard to foretell what the future might bring. A lot of good might yet come out of great Russia.

Interneine Strife

The things that make for the turmoil and deplorable condition in Europe could be briefly subdivided under some five heads. At the top of the list will come the struggle between the working class and the capitalist class of the various countries. Next in importance is the rivalry between the city workers and the peasants. Then come the political subdivisions which, however, run closely along class lines: In a country like Germany there are, for instance, the social democrats, communists, nationalists, clericals and royalists.

The underlying sentiment for feudalism, in other words, for the restoration of royal-

ty, in some of these countries is still so strong that it plays havoc with the general run of things. By way of illustration, it might be pointed out that the German royalist clique is bent upon the restoration of the kaiser and feudal prerogative, with everything that goes with it. Its adherents have assassinated to date in the neighborhood of five hundred republican governmental officials and labor leaders. Even in a country such as France, which has for decades been a republic, the undercurrent of royalist agitation and activity is no negligible factor in the life of the nation.

To make things worse, there are the religious and nationalistic antagonisms, dating back many centuries, and aggravated by differences in language. When we consider the language barriers that separate the working class of the various countries in Europe, the situation looks almost hopeless. Just consider the region of the countries lying to the south of Germany. In a territory not as large as some of our states are living people using dozens of different languages and looking upon their neighbors across the boundary line as their mortal enemies. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the progress being made by these people towards working class solidarity is so slow?

Changing Germany

On the other hand, we must not overlook the potential importance of the changes that have taken place since the war. Although capitalism is still dominant in Germany, the revolution that has taken place there in the structure of the country and in the mentality and morality of the people is so tremendous that it cannot be overestimated. Bourgeois morality has been turned upside down. The last prop has been knocked out from underneath the framework of capitalist ideology. One of the axioms of the bourgeois world is that people can get a start in life and make a "success" of themselves by being thrifty, by saving their hard-earned pennies, by planning ahead for the future, but in Germany at the present time this has been turned the other way around. Owing to the

inflation of the currency and the machinations of the big industrialists, the more a man saves the less he has. The only way to get ahead of the game is to spend his money as fast as he makes it. If a man works like the devil and saves, let us say, what would be equivalent to fifty dollars, a few weeks later it might be worth only one half or even less. Naturally, he would be a fool to exert himself and to deny himself in order to save this money.

Likewise practically all of the rest of the tenets of bourgeois morality have been "shot to hell." It is proving increasingly difficult for one to even exist unless he turns into a speculator and breaks the law. Ability and virtue do not count. Owing to the practical elimination of the middle class, a man who has spent many years in acquiring a technical education now has to work for wages less than those being paid to manual laborers. In short, the whole background of concepts that have formed up till now the bulk of capitalist ideology is being swept away. The German people are ruthlessly being prepared to adopt an entirely different outlook on life from the one that their fathers and ancestors have been brought up to.

The Growth of Syndicalism

Another significant feature to be noted in Germany is the steady growth of syndicalist unions. The workers are becoming disillusioned with political and parliamentary action. Their reliance upon political parties has been the will-of-the-wisp which has led them up till now in their search for a better world, and has now at the critical moment left them in a morass of despair. We might safely say that the German proletariat will not entertain a very high opinion of the efficacy of political action after their present harrowing experiences. The dominant power in Germany are the industrialists, who control the destiny of the nation by the virtue of their ownership of the industries. Ninety per cent of the coal and of the iron and steel industries are in the hands of a mere dozen men, whose wealth is so staggering, compared with the uniform

poverty of both the working and the professional classes, that it is almost beyond our power to comprehend.

The only salvation for the German workers is to turn their attention to industry and to concentrate their activity to the end of taking the industries away from the big capitalists and running them themselves. This up to now they have been prevented from doing owing to their past political education. The growth of the syndicalist movement in Germany is indicative of the fact that the German proletariat is beginning to wake up to the necessity of acquiring economic power by the use of direct economic action. In this process of awakening they will lose much of their past respect for state socialism or state capitalism.

There is essentially no difference between state socialism and capitalism as it now flourishes in Germany under the dictatorship of a mere handful of industrialists; if anything, state socialism, where the workers would not be entitled to a freely elected industrial representation, would be worse. It would be worse because in industries operated by the state it is treason for the workmen to strike. Treason, of course, is punishable by the heaviest penalties, involving even the death penalty. It is much easier for the industrial workers to wage war against a private capitalist than against an autocratic political state.

The workers throughout Europe are waking up to this fact. They are starting to fight for workers' control of industry thru the use of direct economic action. They are beginning to realize that economic power is what counts, that political revolutions are nothing but a change of masters, even should these masters masquerade under a revolutionary name.

Recent Events

At the present writing it appears that war in Europe is not as close at hand as it was proclaimed to be some time ago. The Greeks and the Turks have come to a mutual understanding at the Lausanne conference, whereby Greece resumes the moral responsibility for the destruction that the Greek troops wrought during their cam-

paign in Asia Minor, but is not compelled to pay the damages.

Turkey has been granted privileges and rights that amount practically to an acknowledgement by the Big Powers of her as a sovereign state. So it seems that from that angle an outbreak of hostilities has been averted, at least for the time being.

What the outcome will be of the scramble by French, British and American interests for the exploitation of oil in the Near East is, of course, a different question. The possession of the Mosul oil fields in Mesopotamia is today the biggest thing at stake in the whole world. In the opinion of various groups of imperialistic oil pirates these lakes of petroleum are worth the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. Whether or not it will lead to another conflict on a large scale between the Great Powers is a matter that cannot now be predicted. American capitalists seem to have stolen a march on their rivals by obtaining the Chester concession, but the British are not far behind by grabbing off the Berlin-Bagdad Railroad. The French imperialists seem to be highly incensed at the advantages thus obtained by their commercial rivals. The atmosphere is pregnant with explosive possibilities to say the least.

Nobody expected much from the international socialist congress held recently in Hamburg. The expectations have been fully gratified. Beyond affiliating the Second and the Two-and-a-Half internationals, and passing a lot of fine-sounding but impotent resolutions, nothing of any consequence to the toiling masses was accomplished.

Acquiring the Industrial Outlook

We do not want to appear pessimistic, but it is hard to see how much progress can be expected in any of the European countries in the immediate future, from the point of view of the class-conscious proletariat. Even should revolts break out from time to time in some of these countries, this would not necessarily mean the introduction of the millenium. The workers over there will first have to get rid of their political outlook and acquire the industrial

way of looking at things. Just so long as the influence of the political poison which has been injected into their minds for so many years, remains predominant, little is to be expected.

Another conclusion that has been forced on us since the armistice is that misery does not necessarily make for the overthrow of the present system. The philosophy of misery has been blown to smithereens. If misery and suffering were all that is necessary for the workers to dump the masters off their backs, the capitalist system in Europe should have been abolished long ago. For surely of misery, suffering and degradation these people have had more than enough, and yet nothing tangible has been accomplished.

There are many points of difference in the principles and tactics of the Industrial Workers of the World and the European syndicalists, nevertheless they furnish the one bright spot in the European picture. No matter how many errors they might make in experimenting with the new philosophy and the new methods of attack, their efforts are in the right direction. The movement is growing stronger, from all reports, day by day. Organization on the economic field for the eventual control of industry and the expropriation of the present exploiters of labor is the only salvation for the suffering masses, not only of Europe but of every country on the face of the earth.



“O, Say, Can You See?”

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

To the victims of American apathy, and capitalist persecution, still confined in Leavenworth federal penitentiary.

I WANDERED wearily across the world
Seeking for men whose beating hearts could spell
Truth, Courage, Faith, and Brotherhood and Peace:
I found them in a felon's aching cell!

I found them in America's bastille,—
Chained, tortured, starved, defiled, all but forgot,
I found them broken on the prison wheel. —
Still dreaming dreams of what their land is not!

Jerusalem and Ninevah and Tyre,
Carthage and Rome, and even glorious Greece,
Perished in tyrant dust because the fire
Of Brotherhood was quenched by affluent ease.

America, your crowded dungeons' shame
Echoes across the barren, sorrowing earth!
And men who once revered your glorious name
Now utter it in scornful stinging mirth!

Sons of a great tradition, are you blind—
Here where Hope's martyrs die under your eyes?
Open the dungeons and your cringing mind,—
Or hold your peace beneath your iron skies!

El Proceso Wilckens

A Tale of Patagonia

By LEONE ESMOND

SLOWLY and long in coming, creeps up from the Argentinian pampas a tale of unparalleled capitalist ferocity and vengeance taken therefor.

Southern Argentina is a land of great ranches. To these ranches, every year, come the "swallows," the migratory workers, following the harvest southward across the equator. Poorly paid, worse fed, housed not at all, even the hard lot of the agricultural worker of the United States is soft, compared to theirs.

In the summer of 1922, for the first time in the history of the great "estancias," the migratory workers struck, unable to endure longer the hardships imposed on them by their masters. There was some disorder. Starving and desperate men are rarely lamblike. But no violence on the part of the strikers could have justified the awful deeds about to be enacted in the name of "orderly government."

The ranch owners appealed to the Argentinian government to put down the strike. The government acted. Into the affected regions went a body of soldiers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hector V. Varela, forever after to be known as "la fiera,"—the wild beast. His orders were short and impossible to misconstrue. "Finish with the anarchists!"

On the desolate pampas of Patagonia they staged the tragedy. At the lake San Martin, about 380 strikers, trapped between two bands of soldiers, surrendered. They were robbed of whatever poor trifles they possessed that their conquerors thought worth taking, then shot down in cold blood. Only three of the 380 escaped. On a nearby ranch, another group of 90 were driven to the edge of a high precipice and used as targets. When the sport wearied, those still alive were flung over the brink and their bodies left to the condors and foxes. At "El Mitre" and "La Anita," a band of soldiers murdered the men and

assaulted their wives and daughters. Their commander, Lieutenant Frugoni, according to reports of eye-witnesses, first "diverted himself" with the more attractive of the unfortunates, then turned over his victims to the mercies of a brutal soldiery.

At Santa Cruz was played the crowning act of the tragedy. There Varela commanded in person. He had captured between 1,500 and 2,000 strikers on the neighboring estancias. These poor men were brought out, forced to dig their own graves, and then to stand on the edge of the pits while Varela's soldiers massacred them. The earth was thrown in over dead and living alike, and Varela marched back to Buenos Aires, leaving behind him "an orderly province." He had "finished with the anarchists." But the "anarchists" had not finished with him.

On the morning of the 25th of January, 1923, the avenger of the dead of Patagonia, Kurt Wilckens, lay in wait for Varela at the door of the latter's house, armed with a bomb and a Colt revolver.

Kurt Wilckens is a Pole, about 36 years old, by trade an automobile washer. He had been in Argentina about four years, coming there from the United States. He had been arrested during the labor troubles of 1922 in Buenos Aires, and had spent four months in prison.

As Varela emerged from the door of the house, Wilckens prepared to hurl the bomb. At that moment a little child, who had become acquainted with him while he haunted the neighborhood to learn the face of Varela, ran to him. Wilckens leaped from his hiding place, cried to the child to run, lest the automobile kill her, and pursued the flying Varela. Rather than kill the innocent child, he did not hurl the bomb till he had overtaken Varela, and was himself so close that his body was torn by the flying fragments.

Varela, who was but slightly wounded

by the explosion, seeing his adversary disabled, drew his sword and turned to make an end of him. Wilckens drew the revolver and fired six shots, one of which passed thru Varela's heart.

Wounded and unable to escape, Wilckens was seized by the police and taken to prison. There he declared himself an anarchist, and his act to be solely inspired by a desire to avenge the crimes of Santa Cruz. "If Varela did his duty, I have done mine," he said calmly.

This statement has been echoed by organized labor of Argentina. "El proceso Wilckens" bids fair to become as famous

among labor of Latin America as is the case of Tom Mooney in the Northern hemisphere. Defense committees have been organized. Every labor paper carries a call for funds and an appeal for economic action to save the man who sacrificed his own chance for escape to save a little child, while not for a moment abandoning his determination to avenge the murdered workingmen of the Patagonian pampas.

Labor holds the deed justified. "Let the sentence fall on the head that speaks it!" it growls ominously, "Eye for eye; tooth for tooth!"



The Significance of the Modern City

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

THE modern city in present day society is a subject that might well engage the attention of revolutionary thought, in more ways than one and from angles that are perhaps foreign to radical philosophy.

The acute poverty of congested city populations, or parts thereof, on the one hand, and the magnificence and luxurious ease of a wealthy few on the other, are proverbial.

Take the city of Chicago, for instance. Here are three million souls crammed into an area of such mean dimensions that were each individual allotted an equal space to call his or her own, it would be but a few square feet.

The latest census gives some amazing figures on the distribution of population in the United States. It shows that in 1880—not so long ago—71.4 per cent of the population was in the rural areas and the remaining 28.6 per cent in urban or city districts (towns of 8,000 or more). In 1920, however, (40 years later) the census gives 51.4 as the percentage of the city population, which leaves only 48.6 per cent for the rural districts. These figures represent a shifting from rural to city life of 22.8 per cent, and show what has been manifest for years. But the rate at which people are now flocking to the cities indicates a tremendous acceleration of that movement and causes speculation as to what degree this social phenomenon will develop and what the ultimate results will be.

This no one can foretell. The movement has its main urge in the development of modern machinery, and since it is conditioned on the operation and duration of capitalism, to attempt to predict its outcome would be like guessing at the nature of the weather on a certain day twenty-five years hence.

The City of the Future

What the outcome is to be if the present tendency keeps up, we might perhaps imagine by visualizing the city life of today

in all its manifestations of horrid debauchery, robberies and brutal murders, its pervers and perversions, corruption and graft, dirt, filth, and all the monstrosities that now lurk in the city's myriad rat holes; then by multiplying all this by a hundred fold, we might gain an inkling of what the future holds in store for the city.

This drift to the cities has a striking lesson for revolutionary organizations; it requires profound study. Unless the lesson is well learned, the subject carefully weighed and thoroughly examined, an organization like the I. W. W., with an industrial outlook, will find itself on the wrong side of the industrial barricades when the show-down comes.

History, however vague it may be about some matters, does indelibly impress upon our minds the greater importance of the city over the rural areas. The objective of any army is always a city and there is more reason for this than there is instinct. If a certain enemy area is to be captured or controlled the dominating city is occupied and the trick is done. This is the great truth of every war and every revolution.

The reason for this is not hard to understand. It is fundamentally established and changes only in the degree or in the same proportion in which we have noted the trend of population. With the development of machinery the importance of cities is becoming increasingly ever greater.

Machine Production

No one needs to be reminded of the swift and amazing development of machine production and distribution. Twenty-six thousand patents granted in one year by the patent office is an indication, when considered together with a period of ten years, to what tremendous proportions mechanical contrivances are being used to displace human labor. This is aside from projects, in process of development, such as Super-power, whereby electricity is to be

distributed from designated centers, which in themselves will completely revolutionize present day standards of production and distribution.

Since the tendency of machine development is to practically eliminate hand production, the question arises—what becomes of the displaced labor? This is a complicated question; in the space allowed us we can only convey a general idea of the full answer.

The world's population is many times greater today than it was during the period of hand production. This in spite of the development of machine production, popularly presumed to eliminate labor. Still, the teeming millions manage to live, and moreover, to increase.

Now, if we were to consider machine production as merely a process that decreases the amount of labor necessary to the production and distribution of a given article, and would apply that to all other produced articles, we might arrive at the conclusion that the population of the world should decrease instead of increase. But the ever-expanding development of machine production and distribution does more than decrease the amount of labor necessary in the production of goods: **it creates other and greater industries, it increases activity and research.** It has revolutionized the standards of living; on the basis of the first crude inventions rest the culture and attainments that exist today.

New Industries

As examples of this re-creating process of machine production might be mentioned the automobile industry, the railroads, electricity and various mechanical appliances; the development of oil, moving pictures, aviation, and of many other industries, more or less important, all of which were non-existent not so long ago.

Thus labor, displaced by the newer mode of production is—speaking in a general sense—invariably drawn into other lines of activity.

Machine production and distribution is the founder of large cities. Strangely enough, it has simplified the production of

raw materials and complicated the process of distribution to such an extent that more people are engaged now in distributive than producing activities. This is represented in the movement of the population toward the cities.

Cities are the distributing and storage centers of rural districts. This function means very much in the light of the following:—**that society—not capitalism, which is a system of society—has two main functions: the production and distribution of the means of life.** That is to say that certain portions of society are engaged in the production of materials and things, while other portions are occupied with the distribution of the finished products.

(For the purpose of avoiding confusion and misunderstanding it might here be pointed out that the division of capitalist society into workers and employers, wherein their relations produce a peculiar system of values, has little if any relation to the subject dealt with in this series of articles.)

Production and distribution are such general terms that the way these words are here used is likely to be misunderstood unless an explanation is inserted. It is impossible to define exactly where the production of an article or commodity ends and where distribution begins. With some commodities, such as coal used for heating purposes, it is not hard to see that when it comes from the pit it has gone thru the producing process and that on being loaded into coal cars it enters on the first stage of distribution. But iron ore, coming from the mouth of the mine, besides being the finished product of the miners who have mined it, is still the raw material for a great number of other industries. This iron going thru the various processes is successively the finished product of one industry and the raw material of another. And so it is with a great many other basic raw materials.

Cities—Distribution Centers

The writer uses the terms production and distribution in a general sense, using production to mean the extracting or the cultivation of basic raw materials, such as coal, base metals, agricultural and fishery



Part of the Trimming Department, John B. Stetson Hat Factory. This illustrates Large-Scale Production as Carried On in Big Cities.

products, etc., and distribution to mean the various processes of transportation, manufacturing and direct selling. This use of the terms will of course be open to much criticism since there are many who maintain that the production of an article does not cease until it is actually consumed, or put into use. But we are discussing social functions, in which we perceive, broadly speaking, two general spheres of activity, centered in the cities and large towns on the one hand and in the rural areas on the other. From one, the cities, come the finished products, from the other, the rural sections, come the raw materials.

It is not mere inclination that is driving the population into the cities from the rural districts. In the olden days of hand production there was no such tendency. In a word—for it has long ceased to be a mystery—machine production is the stringent force that sucks the “hayseed” in ever larger numbers from his bucolic surroundings to the city’s slums or—palaces.

One other great achievement accomplish-

ed by machine production besides providing a profitable windfall for the exploiters of labor, due to a less and less amount of labor necessary to produce any given commodity, was the larger social accomplishment of distinctly differentiating the areas and the means with which production and distribution is carried on. Machine development became centralized in the cities. Old hand production fashioned out its rude tools—pounded the wheat, so to speak—right where the raw materials came from the ground.

New Modes of Living

Modern machinery has performed some other things in the process of its development. It has tremendously stimulated the sciences, such as chemistry, organic and inorganic, physical and mechanical sciences, geology, metallurgy, etc. These have in turn brought forth new modes of life by introducing electric lights for candles and the countless other uses of electricity; also, weaving of cloth, building of houses, automobiles, transportation, and a multitude of

other things, have become daily necessities. Consequently, as separate units the city folk are entirely incapable of producing by their own individual labor one single article of life.

Up-to-date machinery has so intensified and revolutionized production and distribution that as individuals we compare to the both functions as a whole in about the same proportions as electrons to a powerful electric current. So vast and intricate are these processes that only by the perfect co-ordination of all parts can the whole keep going.

As between production and distribution, the latter is the more complex. It is in this field that revolutionary bodies must in the future spend most of their energy. For it is on the distribution of the necessities of life that society depends most.

If the wheat of the middle-west cannot be put thru the various stages of distribution, such as grinding it into flour and transporting it to where it is needed, then that wheat is useless. If it is not moved and consumed in time, if machinery and replacement parts are lacking, stagnation is bound to ensue, which would react unfavorably on other and contingent basic production.

Soviet Russia

Russia is an example: owing to the dogmatic and indifferent attitude on the problems that confronted Russia we have lapsed behind in our comprehension of industrial and social issues.

Sometimes—as in all undertakings, business and otherwise—it is advisable to cast an eye inward and take stock of ourselves. Like the individual who gets constipated and therefore needs a physic to restore tone, so an organization must needs review

its own principles from time to time, and must enact such adjustments as will prevent acute dogmatism.

Russia in some respects is an old story. However, the story has many conflicting versions; is it any wonder, therefore, that most people are groping in a mental fog trying to discern the facts? Without arousing any pros and cons on the revolutionary aspects of Russia I will merely point out what is visible to all. The main fact about Russia is that the production and distribution functions of that country crumbled, and with them the revolutionary ambitions of the Russian people.

There was a long period of stagnation and starvation. What particular conditions, party or dogma was responsible for that debacle is beside the point, from the standpoint of this article. Suffice it that the main breakdown came first in **distribution**. This is obvious, since the revolutionary storm centers were in the distributing centers—Petrograd, Moscow, and a few provincial towns, while many of the rural districts were unaware for a long time that the czarist regime had been overthrown. It might be pointed out that production, especially agriculture, in Russia as elsewhere, is something in which the sun and weather play an important part, and that these elements are not dependent on the complexion or the doctrines of the party in power. But the continued breakdown of **distribution**, which is almost entirely based on human endeavor, will eventually demoralize production of raw materials.

Therefore Russia's predicament hinged itself almost mainly on the collapse of **distributive** functions.

(To be continued)

Portrait of a Supreme Court Judge

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HOW well this figure represents the Law—
This pose of neuter Justice, sterile Cant;
This Roman Emperor with the iron jaw,
Wrapped in the black silk of a maiden-aunt.

Revolutionary History and the Workers

By PASQUALE RUSSO

REVOLUTIONARY History is written with drops of blood; its every page is reddened with the life current of thousands of martyrs who have challenged the master's right to exploit the workers.

"Merry England" furnishes many examples of the heroic struggles of the oppressed masses against the master class.

In the first half of the fourteenth century the Black Plague ravaged Europe; it took a ghastly toll from the ranks of the workers and peasants. Europe was left with very few laborers. This scarcity transformed conditions in England. Immediately an era of good wages, short hours and good times generally was inaugurated. However, this period of prosperity for the workers was brief indeed. At that time the English Parliament consisted, for the most part, of the landed aristocracy. This body, feeling that their dominance was threatened, enacted legislation curtailing the advantages which the logic of events had put into the hands of the workers. The measures resorted to by Parliament were so extremely repressive that they awakened great discontent. The unrest increased daily until 1871, when Watt Tyler, a very able leader, appeared on the scene and crystallized it into open rebellion.

Peasants Turned Into Beggars

To counteract this revolutionary activity the English ruling class discharged and literally drove off the land many thousands of workers. This brought on an era of unemployment and starvation. In a short while the streets in the cities of England were overrun with beggars. Now the good Christian plutocrats of England added insult to injury by enacting laws against beggars. Violators were punished by whipping and imprisonment. Thus it is seen that even in those days the masters held the whip hand.

Conditions for the working class were at that time much the same as they are today. Then as now, there were masters and slaves.

Property, then as now, was in the saddle. Its form was somewhat different, for in those days the slave was a part of the land; he was a chattel. Excepting this difference in form, the relations of master and slave were the same as today; the oppressor and the oppressed had nothing in common.

John Ball, a very able leader of the day, was conscious of this antagonism, and in speaking about it said: "Good people, things will never go well in England, so long as goods be not in common, so long as there be villains and gentlemen: They are clothed in velvet and are warm in their furs and ermine, while we are covered with rags. They have wines and spices and fair bread; we oatcake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the



"The Man With The Hoe." After the Famous Painting by Millet.

field, and yet it is by our toil that these men hold their state."

Years after John Ball was dead, long before the French Revolution, the ruling class of England fought a bloodless revolution, taking the power from the king and investing it in their own class. The Divine Right of Kings was abolished but the system of impoverishing the workers still remained.

The French Revolution

Perhaps the most interesting, instructive, and thought compelling pages of Revolutionary History are those containing the story of the French Revolution. Here is laid bare, in all its simplicity, the story of the struggle between the landed and industrial aristocrats. The American Revolutionary War had been concluded some three years before the revolution in France. In America the English ruling class had attempted an interference with the American land speculators. The English government was worsted; this turn of affairs gave the French ruling class great joy and inspired the confidence and assurance which they so lustily manifested during the Revolution in France.

The French Revolution of 1789 was a bourgeois revolt fought for the purpose of abolishing the feudalistic tyranny of the landed aristocracy. The bourgeoisie won; it introduced a new and more barbarous system of exploitation, which we now know as capitalism. After the revolution the workers found themselves as badly off as ever.

The French Revolution teaches us, if it teaches anything, that the interests of the bourgeoisie and the workers are directly opposed one to the other; also, that it is extremely foolish on the part of the working class to entrust their social well-being to politicians.

During the Tyler rebellion, and again in the French Revolution, the workers made the mistake of allying themselves with the politicians, but somewhat later, during the brilliant revolutionary period of 1848, they changed their tactics.

In 1848, the workers began to manifest that class-consciousness which will ultimately lead them to victory. For this reason, if for no other, the year 1848 is memorable

in Revolutionary History. In the autumn of 1847, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels published the Communist Manifesto. This document contained a call to unity. The workers answered it by organizing with amazing rapidity and bringing on a rebellion in France, Hungary, Italy, Germany and Ireland. In the struggle of 1848 the workers made substantial advances and gained some rights and privileges that have been of substantial value since. Among them may be mentioned free press, free speech and the right to be educated; also, the right to study and to advocate the principles of socialism. Of course, as we all know, the workers of some countries have again lost their rights of free speech and press.

Paris Commune

Turning another page in Revolutionary History we are brought to the year 1870. We are now in the midst of the Franco-Prussian War. The year following the French were defeated, which caused a working class revolution in the city of Paris. In March of that year the workers took charge of the government and established the Commune. For about two months they governed France with unusual efficiency. The Commune was lost in great part owing to a lack of leadership and a vast amount of treachery. Along with Paris the workers lost also the advantages gained during 1848. The White Guard of the bourgeoisie, as supplanters of the workers, not only destroyed every scintilla of freedom but they also made the famous French shibboleth "Liberte, Egalite and Fraternite" ineffective. In one respect, tho, all was not in vain, because the spirit and courage of the Communards inspired and heartened the rebels in all parts of the world.

On another page of Revolutionary History are recorded the struggles of the Russian people. Here are a people, long suffering and patient, who endured untold agony under the Iron Heel of the abominable Romanoff dynasty. Hungering for liberty and weary of the despotism of the Tzars, they revolted in 1905. But here again they committed the fatal error of entrusting their interests to politicians. Utter defeat was the portion

meted out to the workers for their heroic struggle; thousands were slaughtered at the instance of good little father Nicky. The defeat served, however, as an admonition and a lesson. From it the rank and file learned to take charge of their own affairs and to perfect and solidify their organizations. In 1917 they avenged their fallen comrades of 1905 by overthrowing the rotten and tyrannical government of the Tzar. A tremendous step forward has been taken; whether or not they will be able to maintain a real Workers' Republic only the future can show.

The Haymarket Tragedy

Turning our attention to America we find many interesting pages in Revolutionary History. Perhaps first in importance is the Haymarket Tragedy. It was here demonstrated that Chicago had then, and no doubt has now, some genuinely sincere men who are ready to die for the cause of labor. For some time previous to May, 1886, a great movement had been going on to obtain the eight-hour day. As it would affect all industries the capitalist class regarded the movement as a grave menace and decided to stop it at any cost.

The crisis came at a working class meeting where a bomb was thrown, killing a policeman. The newspapers laid the blame at the door of the anarchists; a demand for the lives of the strike leaders went forth. Every capitalist, labor fakir, subsidized preacher and lackey of the moneyed interests joined in the hysterical outcry for the blood of the valiant labor men.

On November 11th, 1887, four of the accused working men were legally murdered in Cook County jail, Chicago. They sacrificed their lives in the attempt to prevent the strangulation of the labor movement by Big Business.

The men hanged were August Spies, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Albert R. Parsons. August Spies spoke but few words from the gallows, but they were pregnant with prophetic meaning. He said: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voice you strangle today."

Industrial Workers of the World

These events of the past have had a cumulative effect; in the year 1905 thousands of the more intelligent and revolutionary workers in the United States adopted a new form of organization. It was designed to embrace all the workers in all industries, regardless of color, nationality, occupation, or creed. It was named Industrial Workers of the World and was based on a strict economic foundation. Politicians, political questions and squabbles were eliminated as unworthy of consideration. Since its inception the organization has adhered to its ideals; it is now composed of wage-workers without any admixture of politicians or parasites. Students of Revolutionary History would do well to read the story of the I. W. W. It is a story of heroism; it has ever been loyal to the cause of labor and has at all times fought the workers' battles with honor.

The I. W. W. has always been a protector of the workers' rights. The capitalists fear the I. W. W. chiefly on account of its revolutionary spirit and actions. Hence the bitter and relentless persecution of this organization. Revolutionary industrial unionism as embodied in the I. W. W. is the only hope for the emancipation of the workers in America.

Caliban in the Coal Mines

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

GOD, we don't like to complain—
We know that the mine is no lark—
But—there's the pools from the rain;
But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, you don't know what it is—
You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching the meteors whizz;
Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, if You wish for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

Cooks De Luxe

IN all ages it has been customary to "blame the cooks" for everything that happens. If a man gets bald headed, it's the cook's fault.

He says, "that woman thou gavest me really ought to know cooking at least." He brings home a pay envelope that strikes terror to the heart of the "sweet woman," and causes her to grab at least three breakfasts per week from the oat bin—can you blame her? There he sits, like a storm cloud on Lookout Mountain, and demands to know why she don't feed him round-steak at least once't in a while. It's the cook's fault!

Even the children are quick to notice the "culinary failures" of the family foodstuff worker.

Of course I am not trying to advance a child as a person capable of passing on the merits, or demerits, of a cook—nor do I attempt to convey the idea that a child has any exceptional ability "to come to an understanding" of the underlying causes that "offset" the cook in rather a compromising position. No, I merely desire to emphasize the old saying "Like father, like son"—childish.

The cook at all times is doing the best she can. (If there is no good food on the table it is because she could not procure it, for some reason or other.)

The hotel cook is generally a man. Ninety-nine in hundred, of such men, are regular "he-men," and many are the battles they have put up, for the "eaters," against

the management. Single handed, only with the support of dishwashers and porters, have they fought the encroachments of an organized system of stomach-robbery—which all goes to show how "yellow" the public is.

Ordinarily a cook has all he can do to look after his own welfare; his own wages; his own conditions of servitude. But it is true the cooks have repeatedly sacrificed their own interest, their jobs and their "standing in the industry," trying to better the food for a shiftless, easy-going public. Someone has said, "to hell with the public"; and I do verily believe, he guessed it.

The public is rapidly reaching a stage of mental, moral and physical putrefaction, which might be termed a condition of hell. The cooks have been unable to save the people from the profit system, although the people were willing to let them do it.

Not only in swell hotels, but in commissary-camps, are the inmates patiently waiting for the cooks to win "their battle" with the capitalist system. I think they'll wait a long, long time.

* * *

It is now up to the cooks to save themselves. This idea of fighting someone else's battles is getting to be old style and is frowned upon in well-organized circles. Let the cooks organize in a union of their industry, and let them fight for wages, shorter days and better conditions for **themselves**. That's the best thing they can do for the Public.

T-Bone Slim.



Tightline Johnson Goes to Heaven

By WILLIAM AKERS

FLOPPIN' is done by the best people. It is an institution highly developed by the human race and is frequently indulged in by tired business men, cow-eyed stenographers and loggers with stag pants. It is the one thing that every man, woman and child enjoys more of than anything else that they get.

Where does a stiff find any more high-class sensations than comes to him just after rollin' in to a fine well-thrown together bunk, piled high with fluffy blankets, clean sheets, one of those double-ribbed, triple-plated, pressure-packed twenty-layers-rolled-into-one sort of mattresses,—all landed together on top of a fast feedin' set of springs in a bugless paradise?

Echo answers—"Where?"

Herb Hoover has come out strong for standardization. Me and him are unanimous on this proposition. Of course, Herb has devoted a lot of attention to fields that never interested me. His idea for instance to make only seventeen kinds of bricks bloom where a hundred and ninety cluttered up the roadside before, never aroused any undue enthusiasm in my hyphenated Scotch-Irish-Scandinavian-American heart. Somehow I always felt safer with a little heavy confetti laying round handy.

But the principle is sound. Reduce the varieties. And right here is where Herbie finds Tightline Johnson ready to do a Horatius at the Bridge with him any old time.

There is too many varieties of beds, bunks and flops. My idea is this: let's start right in and reduce the species down to about ten kinds, but all of these ten kinds to be built according to the best and most scientific plans and specifications.

I would allow skid-way to take care of any sappy notions as to outward appearance and the like. If anybody is goin' to die happier because they have a bunk all faked up like a Louie Quince, help 'em along, says I.

And this pet idea of mine has sound practical points to it that would interest any profound capitalist in the market for elbow grease, providin' these said employers had not been in the lumber business so long that the knot on top of their spinal columns had degenerated into punky butt stock.

I speak from practical experience. How is a good and willing slave goin' to give his master his undivided attention when a lumpy flop and last year's crop of fill-or-busters join hands to divert him from his proper rest?

I am with Herbie right down to the ground of his Native Oregon. I don't believe in anything extreme. Far be it from me to hint that a gold decorated bedstead, equipped with the finest auxiliary box spring mattress, supplemented with Belfast linen sheets, brocaded Astrachan blankets and a hand worked and embroidered Irish lace coverlet, should

be installed for every logger that ever threw a spiked hoof on top of a bit of round stuff.

No Sir! I ain't one of these Kerenskies that want nothing less than a Czar's bed to sleep in. Not that I am sayin' anything against 'em, mind. I remember one time when I had the flop of a life time in just such a bunk.

* * *

It was down in the heart of the steel country during the early days of the renaissance of the Ku-Klux Klan. Normalcy and the American Defense Society had the country by the throat. To be a foreigner was as popular them days as the corner bootlegger is during a general strike of the I. W. W.

When lots of these ignorant Europeans were asked the original question—"If you don't like this country why don't you go back where you came from?" it was surprising to find so few who could dig up a real convincing answer. The more they thought it over the more determined they got to follow the Goulds and the Astors over to Europe. So they were pullin' out by the thousands every day.

Me—I came rollin' into this vacation ground from Cleveland in the dead of winter. I was hooked up inside of a coal gondola on the Panhandle. Me and a couple of chunks of cast iron had been makin' impressions on each other and on the shack all afternoon.

This shack was one of these temperamental cusses. Must have had an unhappy home life, he was that restless and nervous. He chased me off of that string about ten times into the snow rollin' down from the chill breezes of Lake Erie.

The further south we got the colder the wind became. The exercise kept my blood flowin' freely but my ideas of the human race was becoming more and more pessimistic. I thought to myself that Schopenhauer could have written a real masterpiece if he had taken that trip.

After dark it became easier for me and harder for the shack and he got real nervous. When we pulled up to a water tank at Ambridge, about fifteen miles out of the Pitt itself, he went and brought up reinforcements. Two gunmen of the American Bridge Company rallied to save the system and they run me out of that car and up along the bank of the Ohio River like Three Finger Jack on the trail of a lost soul with a ten dollar bill.

I was always inclined to lean towards the idea that efficiency among the lower classes was enhanced by periods of unemployment, and the way these two gun men extended themselves sure cinched the argument. Here was two specimens of a class as low down as can be found and they were sure overworkin' themselves for no other reason at all so far as I could see.

After headin' upstream for a ways I decides to

sprint off to my left up the side hill. The leg that I busted in the log jam at the Mary's, out in Idaho, was in no shape for a marathon and I realized that I had to look for cover pretty pronto.

I must of run about a mile up that hill when I came to a brush hedge, stretched out along a road. I gallops along when I hear a flivver poppin' in my rear. I hears a hail and glancing back I spies the lizzie pickin' up my gladhanders. So havin' a firm idea that I was unable to compete with modern machinery by hand I finds me a nice crotch in the hedge and highclimbed it and boosted myself over.

I gave the once over to about four big back yards, each surrounded by a prickly hedge which I was just gettin' the proper hang of the way to bounce over, when they played out on me and I could see nothin' but a road on the other side of the last one. Alexander and me felt just alike regardin' new worlds to conquer.

There was only one thing to do and that was to look for a flop real handy.

* * *

In my mind back yards is always connected with some kind of houses, barns and the like. I soon located the back building in this shebang. It was a brick garage and had a door on it like the Union Trust Company's safe.

The house was one of these big nifty summer dumps where the hand-outs are pretty certain if a guy can get by the gardener or the lawn-mower pusher. I thinks to myself that nothing can look more lonesome that a summer cottage in the winter time and pinches my ear to see if I was bit. Sure enough, I found it frosted even after my hurdle race. Here was a hell of a fix.

There flashed into my mind the picture of a man I had seen when I was a little kid. He had both legs off at the hip and was out advertisin' artificial limbs. Both his had been froze off.

I decided that I would have a hard time seein' America first if I lost my legs all on account of two Steel Trust sluggers. I looks over this dump loomin' up alongside in the snow light.

There was a big balustraded porch on one whole side of it constructed in a pleasin' architectural style. French windows looked out on to the upper porch. Now it stuck in my mind, from seein' a few movies, that French Windows are duck soup to the heroic burglar that is out to swipe back the jewels which rightfully belong to the daughter of the old man. So I qualifes for a degree in porch climbin' and ten years in the big house and tries my luck.

Sure enough, by just nickin' a piece of glass out of one corner of those panels I could reach thru and open the thing up. I stepped in, after pushing open the shutters. I lighted a match and the first thing that I seen was a big cut-glass fruit dish sittin' on the sideboard. I grabbed this like Damon receivin' Pythias and dashed out to the porch and filled it up with snow. I took it in and closed up the shutters and lit up one of the candle sticks.

At one side of the room was a bed the like of which would set an Oregon balloonist to pinchin' himself. But I paid scant attention to it then.

I flipped off my clothes and shoes and rubbed that snow into my skin for fair. A bath before retiring is wonderful for the complexion I was once told and I have been run out for repeatin' it in every loggin' camp from the Hammond outfit up to Ocean Falls. A snow bath and a rub down on a great towel that felt like a spring cushion sure set me up in business.

I climbed into a pair of pink pajamas, took a couple of wraps about myself with a plutocratic bath-robe and, armed with the candle stick set out to explore the house.

Me bein' the son of an old-time prospector and havin' done a little mushin' and pannin' myself, the ideas of hospitality in vogue amongst us sourdoughs has always struck me as bein' fair and square. Many is the time some snowshoe pushin' traveler has moved into my cabin when I was out and helped himself to the grub, livin' strictly up to the code by whittlin' shavin's and washin' the dishes before mushin' on next mornin'. And the same had been done by myself.

So here, thinks I, is an opportunity to introduce some fine healthy customs into an effete society. I finds a pantry stocked with can openers, tinned asparagus tips, oysters, corn, tomatoes, crackers and a big hunk of imported French cheese with little blue sections scattered thru it. It sure all tasted good to me.

I carried the cans down cellar and cleaned up the pantry—then I took my candle and went back to my bedroom.

"Call me early, James!" says I to myself as I blew out the candle and jumped into bed.

Boys, I am here to tell you that that was some bunk. It was so comfortable that I went to sleep quicker than Old Shuteye the Burns stool pigeon, who was supposed to be the miners' checkweighman down at the Indiana Number 3.

And I had one of the finest dreams that was ever produced by a Welch rabbit.

* * *

I was floatin' up thru a pinkish sort of sky with a feelin' of easy gracefulness like that displayed by the choir leader of United Presbyterian Church.

I flitted hither and thither and I thinks to myself—"This system of ramblin' around sure is keen. Wonder why I never thought of it before."

By and by I came to a landin'. It looked just like a chunk out of the West Kootenais—anywheres away up in the hills above timber line. A lot of rocky bluffs and a little level piece with thick mountain grass springin' up.

I strolled along but my hat blew off and I had to chase it and push it down solidly. I wondered if it would leave a red crease across my forehead.

Suddenly I was in a field of mountain blossoms and ahead of me was a big gate like they have in Garfield Park in Chicago—all built up out of flowers

and trailing vines and hedges.

I started to walk thru when a funny old guy, with a beard like a Jewish rabbi, bounced out and wig-gled his beard at me.

"Who are you?" he asked sadly, like an employment clerk during hard times.

"Tightline Johnson," said I.

"Look him up in the book," he sang over his shoulder to a couple of skinny looking angels who were sittin' on tall stools and were draped over a slant topped desk.

I stood and gawped about me. It was a funny lookin' dump. Little paths run every which way between small grass plots. They were made out of black sand just like I had shoveled up on the Stikine in British Columbia when I was muckin' the stuff into placer cradles for the Guggenheims.

A little cupid came bouncin' over with a card from an index file in his hand. Old Whiskers looked at it and shook his head.

"Mr. Tightline Johnson," he said, "you have a very bad record. It doesn't seem possible that we can let you into the Kingdom of Heaven. Very black. Very black. You have done so many things that you should not have done. You have neglected so many things that should have been done."

"Break it gently," says I. "When did they cut the wages?"

"In Heaven," he said, "there are no wages. But your case is very doubtful. I can not let you in on my own authority. You must come before the judgment throne."

"That's all right," says I. "Lead me up to the squeeze. I never liked to talk to straw bosses anyway."

The fat cupid bounced out with another card in his hand and gave it to me. I looks at it and says to the old fellow who was leadin' me along:

"Say, old timer, was you ever in Butte?"

"That sinful place! Never!"

"Well, don't get peeved. I was just wonderin' where you picked up this rustlin' card idea. I thought that system had been knocked in the head everywhere's except around the copper kings' sweat boxes. Even Gary himself is strong for the idea that each man has a sacred right to work and look for a place if he wants to. Come alive! Your outfit must be way behind the times."

"Hush!" says he, "we approach the presence!"

The old fellow took me before a grandstand bigger than the Stadium of the University of Washington that I once busted fog on. There was thousands of dim white figures sittin' in this grandstand lookin' on. Out in front on a nifty little stage was a big fellow with whiskers and wings and a long flowin' robe.

My conductor left me standin' on one side and went up and whispered in the big fellow's ear. About half a hundred court room hangers-on was sittin' and standin' around and they all give me

the once-over with the same kind of expressions that I saw on the faces of a gang of reformers who came thru the Kansas City Can when I was being kept in cold storage there so as not to interfere with the beneficent work of the High-jacks. It sure was a wet lookin' outfit. I punches the nearest one in the ribs and asks, "Who is the main push up there anyway?"

"You are now in the presence of the most high God!" says he.

So I looked again.

"Tightline Johnson!" God booms out. "You are here! Advance to the foot of my throne. I would speak with thee."

So I mopes up.

* * *

"Johnson," he said, in his deep full tones that reminded me of Harry Feinberg singin' love songs in the Tacoma County jail,—"Johnson, I gave to you many gifts. They have been abused. I granted you many instincts. They have been perverted, twisted, crushed, or are still dormant in your breast.

"To you I granted the great instinct of sex.—The record of your life shows much of loose living, of neglect of those love-hungry women who may have longed for consolation and affection. You have produced no children. That instinct which I gave to you, which would have uplifted you into the glory of life and love, you have allowed to drag you into the mire, to torture your nights and to pollute your days.

"I gave you gregariousness so that you might live together with your fellows, leaning upon them and lending them aid in time of social need. I gave you gregariousness so that mankind could live in harmony and peace together,—the common needs of this instinct binding the whole world in chains of interdependence and human love. You have separated yourself from the run of human beings. Along the highways and by-ways of the world you have chosen to live. Far from your kind I have seen you in the hills and mountains,—away from all the average humanity I have seen you with a few of your outcast tribe building camp fires along the sides of city dumps and railroad tracks. I have seen you rambling carelessly with defiant head erect from logging camp to logging camp refusing to settle down in company with your fellows, refusing to hearken to the promptings of sexual and gregarious urges.

"You were sent forth with a soul stored with a measure of self pride in order that you might never demean yourself before your fellow creatures, in order that in every task, in every trial you would always stand forth at the peak of your accomplishment—in the height of your ability and shining glory. Yet I have seen you walk thru the filthy places of the cities clad in rags. I have seen you turn your back on offered positions which would elevate you to posts where you would in a full measure be able to gratify the urges of my great gifts. Rather

than ride upon soft cushions you have hung at the peril of your very life upon the rods and the blinds of passenger trains or violated the laws of your fellow men by riding in cars constructed to carry freight.

"Acquisitiveness was given you in order that those things which were deemed worthy might appeal to you and cause you to exert yourself in order to acquire them. This great blessing of mine would have caused you to save the product of your toil, to have labored mightily and with all the cunning of hand and brain in order to gain from the storehouse of nature the wealth that lies there for your kind. What have you cared to acquire? Nothing but hard hands and calloused feet. The joys of accumulation which are known even to the tiny ant and the happy skipping squirrel are passed by untasted by you. You have scorned my gifts!

"That great instinct of workmanship which distinguishes man from most of the beasts has been restrained by you with a throttling hand. You have cast slurs at the joy of creative effort, the pleasant upsurge of pure feeling at a task well done. You have scorned the speedy workman, have abjured the creative instincts and have defied the very well springs of my life-giving and precious offerings! Think you that there is room for you here, Tightline Johnson? No! A thousand times NO!"

A great silence fell on the assembly.

Thinks I to myself, "Kangarooed again, by God!"

There was a commotion at the entrance to the judgment hall. A tall slender figure clad all in white with hair the soft color of gold and eyes that looked like those of a married man with a family who has just got the sack because he had the guts to carry a red card.

Said he: "Father! Would you cast this fellow worker out, without giving him a chance to speak? Let us ask him why he has done these things. The ways of humans seem strange to us from here, yet I who have been amongst them, am full of compassion for those that err. Pray—let he whose hands and feet are calloused speak, that we may know what is in his heart."

"Johnson!" said God to me. "Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"I've got a mouthful," says I.

* * *

"When I was just a kid about three times the size of that cherub over there I went to work in a lead smelter. Over in the Coeur d'Alenes. They set me on the feed floor dumpin' charge cars into the furnace. An old Swede was workin' alongside who had been leaded twice. One of his hands was fixed so he could only use the fingers for a hook, from the other one he had the use of three. His feet were lumpy. His knees knocked. The lead had him right. Every move was a squeak. He was done.

"The only thing that Swede ever thought about was gettin' a few dollars to get out of that lead poisonin'. And he worked—like a fool.

"At every pay day the company men would coax him into the bar and have one drink before he left. 'Come on, you old Scandahoovian grave cheater!—Have one on me', they would say. 'Hell, there is many a wallop in the old boy yet—Hey?'

"For Andy Anderson was a man that knew charges. The smell of the smoke told him more than a chemist would ever find out and the company wanted to keep him, even tho it was killin' him by inches. Other men would not stay with the job, so if they could just keep Andy broke—just get him drunk—the trick was turned.

"Two pay days passed me on the job—interested in the work, tryin' to learn, just achin' to find out the why and how of things. But none of my money went over the bar. I did not spend it with the tin-horns or the chippies that the company brought in to keep us flat. No! I wanted to save my money in that hell hole—so that I could get out and learn something about what makes the wheels go around. I was crazy about machinery. I wanted to study and to have the know. And I was just a kid then, fellow worker.

"Do you think the Idaho Smelters gave a damn about that? What were they thinkin' about me anyway? They seemed to have track of Andy? How about the Kid—Johnson? They had their eye on me all right.

"This outfit run the company store. They sold the tobacco, the clothes, and shoes and operated the saloon. They handed over the booze, they operated the pool tables and over the hill they had the string of crib houses where the girls were brought in about pay day.

"They run the boardin' house—they run everything.

"They had their eyes on me all right. I wasn't spendin' all the money I made. Towards that money I was tighter than alum. You see I had instincts all right and I was tryin'—By God—I was tryin'.

"And what did those psalm readin' directors and funkies of directors do? When they found that I had some money ahead of the game they laid me off for two weeks. Yes, fellow worker—gave me the sack for fourteen days so that I would have to spend my money either in camp with the company or on the road lookin' for another job, and jobs was hard them days.

"Was you ever turned loose in a smelter camp with nothin' to do for fourteen days but wait till your lay off was over? Did you ever get up in a smelly dirty bunkhouse out of a tier of bunks three high, along a wall where twenty-one men slept—seven men lengthwise and three deep? Did you ever listen thru a long night to men with the lead eatin' into their lungs and hear 'em spit out on the floor—a chunk of lung each crack? Would it drive you to drink or wouldn't it, now—I ask you straight?

"Well, it didn't drive me! I was young and I was determined that I would save money and get out to where I could learn something else than to mix a

charge car by the smell of the smoke. I didn't want to have my fingers curl up in me! I didn't want to have dagger pains in every joint of my body till they reached my heart and stopped the works!

"And neither did Andy. I went back on the floor with Andy when my time was up and I still had money ahead. I still was holdin' out on the company—and they knew it.

"Two weeks after I went back to work we was paid off again. I had nothin' comin' for they took it out for my board. Andy was decoyed and tanked up again. Oh! Yes! I saw the whole thing—and I couldn't help it. But next night when Andy and I came on the Graveyard shift together I turned double trick, for the old man was down and out. Sweatin' and puffin' I pushed the buggies for both of us.

"At three o'clock in the mornin' I knocked off to throw in a gulp of black coffee and a couple of bites of sinker from my lump. When I came back on the feed floor Andy was gone. And I knew that Andy had taken his last big smell of the smoke. Leanin' over into the charge I could see an outline of his bones down below in the colored flames.

"I ran like mad to the furnace boss. But he said he dassent blow out the furnace. So at the last the company got back even the lead that had been eatin' into Andy's bones and playin' tag thru Andy's veins.

"I could never face a feed floor again. I was done.

* * *

"Before I got another job I was flat broke. Could I write home and tell my mother that I was already a bum beatin' my way on freight cars to every place where I heard of a job? I ask you, fellow worker, could you do that?

"When after many months I did get some money—after I did find a place in the damnable profit makin' machinery of business and sent for her—she was dead!

"Died of a broken heart, they said, while I was grabbin' armsful of box cars lookin' for a job—at anything, for anything—except chargin' a lead furnace.

"Did that ever happen to you? Was you ever in a fix like that? Better think it over, fellow worker—seems like somethin' was wrong. Some said—hard luck. But I cut my eye teeth on that hard luck—I seen it from every side. It is worse than that.

"I had an instinct of solidarity! I had a feelin' swell up inside me at a job well done. And it was these feelin's that made a rebel out of me. I want to show my solidarity to my fellow workers at every chance by puttin' my shoulder to the wheel and helpin' them to make things better so that no other kid will have to go thru the mill that me and millions more like me has bucked up against. I got

enough workmanship in me to know that a system that is slung together in such a haywire manner has had some damn poor mechanics on the job.

"I am Tightline Johnson and any bull of the woods will tell you that Tightline may be a hard-boiled wobbly but he wears no chinwhiskers as a fog buster and can handle a yarder with any man that walks on two legs. Just ask 'em and see. And what I can do with a yarder in the way of nursin' it along and makin' the parts run easy and smooth, me and the rest of us wobs has been tryin' to do with the system of production and distribution of the things we make.

"Because I am a rebel against the slave-drivin' system that takes all that a man produces and gives him no chance in life unless he lines up and fights—because I have shown my fellow workers how and why to line up—they have made an outcast and an outlaw out of me. Every gunman's hand is against me. Every scab and fink hates me and all that are like me.

"They have kept me on the bum. They have driven me from camp to camp—blacklisting my name from Ketchikan to Eureka, Calif. They have thrown me into jails—hunted for me with ropes in their hands—hired an army of stoolpigeons and spies to sneak out the secrets of my organization when we have no secrets to hide. They have sent hundreds of my best friends and the whitest men that were ever born—have sent them into prison because they have ideals.

"I ask you is a man who is living such a life and fighting such a battle in a position to take on a wife? Can one whose very freedom is in jeopardy every day and every hour bring peace and happiness into a love life? Is it treating a girl fair to call up in her the tender feelings of love only to tear her heart to bits with fear and perhaps leave her weepin' with the little ones when they send you to the big house?

"I never walked a dirty street by choice. I never went into a brothel by preference.

"I have trembled at the thought of a sweet woman's arms clasped about me in love. I have stood with my throat choked with a string of burning lumps—outside of some bourgeois's home, and watched a while the antics of the clean children playin' on the lawn.

"You sit up there and tell me I am not wanted! You sit up there and say that I am a waster of my natural gifts! How would you act and what would you do? Just answer me that!"

And do you know the old geezer broke down and cried like a baby.—

* * *

And when I woke up it was mornin'



Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

THE ORIGIN OF HIGHER PEOPLES

ALL civilized peoples have come from savage peoples. They have grown from savages, just as you and I as individuals have grown from babies. It is important to know this. For we can't understand the things civilized men and women do and think and feel—many of them are so barbarous and strange—unless we recognize the fact that civilized men and women are merely made-over savages.

It is also important to know something of the nature and ideas of savages; so that we can compare them with our own nature and ideas and see how much of us has survived from savage times and how much has been produced since then.

These articles will prove that all higher peoples go back in their ancestry to savages, and will show what sort of beings savages are; that is, something about what sort of animals our ancestors were.

Where the English Came From

Go back into the past two or three thousand years, and you don't find any English in the world, nor any French, nor Spanish, nor Germans, nor Russians. But what you do find is that each of these modern peoples is represented at that time by one or more barbarous tribes, from which it has grown. The English go back to the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, three barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes that lived originally in the region of Denmark and southward. They came over and settled the island of Great Britain fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago. The first settlement was made about 449 A. D.

These people were very rude. They dressed in skins, loved adventure, and were fond of water. They lived a good deal by pillage. They would get in their boats and cruise along the coast of the Baltic till they came to a town of some other tribe. They would drive the people out or kill them, plunder the town, and then burn it. They thought this was the proper thing to do; for they acted on the principle that "might makes right"; that is, on the principle that it is right to do whatever one has the power to do.

Wherever you go you find the English—in North and South America (we are English), in South Africa, Australia, India, and in many islands of the sea. The English, more than any other people, have been the explorers and settlers of the planet. The English-speaking peoples are so enterprising that they already occupy a large part of the surface of the earth, including practically two whole continents.

One reason why the English have been so restless as a race is because their ancestors were that kind of a people—sea-rovers. Suppose the English had come from land animals—beings who lived in the interior of Europe, a quiet, home-loving, peaceful people. Don't you suppose the history of England

would have been a very different thing from what it is today? The adult English people merely reflect the character of the infant peoples from whom they have grown, just as a grown man is in a general way like what he was when he was a child.

Other Modern Peoples

The French came from the Gauls, scattered tribes that lived in the region of what is now France at the time of the Roman Empire.

The Germans came from the Goths, Vandals, and Cimbri, three barbarous tribes that lived in central Europe and assisted in overrunning the Roman Empire.

The Italians come from the Romans, a people who spoke the Latin language and lived in the peninsula of Italy and other Mediterranean lands about the time of Christ and later.

The modern Greeks are from the ancient Greeks.

And all of the modern white peoples—Russians, Germans, French, English, Swedes, and Americans—can trace their ancestry back, by means of common languages and common legends, to a people who came long ago out of the East, out of the land beyond the Caspian. These people came into what is now Europe and settled there long before written history. And from them all of the modern European peoples have come. So you see we have all branched from the same tribe if we go back far enough.

The Cradle of Mankind

But where did these original white people come from? And where did the dark peoples come from? And the Chinese? and the Indians? Where was the cradle of the human species? In what part of the world and at what time did man originate as a new and distinct species of animal? This must have occurred at some certain place on the earth and at some definite period of time.

It is pretty certain that the human species did not originate in what is called the western half of the earth and spread from there as a center over the world. For reasons, the most of which I cannot give you, because it would take too long to make them plain, it is believed by scientists that the cradle of mankind was somewhere in the eastern hemisphere.

One reason for this belief is that it is here that we find the oldest tracks of man, the earliest evidence of his existence in the world. We can go back into the civilization of the Nile and of the Euphrates and of some of the rivers of India for thousands of years, in some places 8,000 or 10,000 years. Here we find one civilization on top of another. Here are found the things men have fought with and worked with and lived in—objects which have defied the teeth of time, and which endure long after their creators have vanished. It is believed that man originated somewhere in southern Asia.

Or, possibly, still further south than the present boundary of Asia, in lands now drowned by the Indian Ocean. This supposed land has been called Lemuria.

Changes in Geography

You know from your study of physiography that a large part of what is now the land surface of the earth was once the floor of the sea. Sandstone and limestone, which are so common over the land surfaces, we know, are made under water, and no place else. And we find the fossils of fishes and other water animals scattered all over the land, even to the mountain tops. The remains of a whale were found in northern Mississippi the other day. This animal, when it died, was swimming in the Mississippi Sea, a great body of water which once extended from the Gulf of Mexico over what is now the Great Central Plains of the United States.

The City of Louisville, Kentucky, is built where it is because the Ohio river has a fall there. This fall is caused by a coral reef running across the river at that point. Corals are sea animals. And the corals that located the city of Louisville by forming a reef at that particular place and compelling the Ohio river to stumble over it, lived and died in that far off time when Indiana and Kentucky formed a part of the floor of the Mississippi Sea.

Now, it is not so well known, but it is a fair inference, that much of what is now water surface was once land surface. We mine coal under the sea some places. And I suppose that if we could

only get at them we would find many things in the lands under the sea that would be useful to us land animals. Maybe, sometime, when we have exhausted the stores of the land, we shall get so hard up or so skilled that we shall be able to get at these drowned treasures beneath the oceans.

We know that there have been many changes in the geography of the earth in the past—that the geography of the earth a million or ten million years ago was not what it is today. We know that Africa was joined to Europe at Gibraltar until rather recent times in the history of the earth, and that Asia and North America were united at Behring Strait.

Geologists say that North and South America have been separate continents during most of their geological history. The Isthmus of Panama is very recent, geologically speaking. There are reasons for believing that before South America was joined to North America it was connected with Africa and even Australia(forming a great Antarctic continent.

In the Pliocene age of geology Alaska was joined to Asia by a rather wide isthmus. It was over this isthmus of Behring that many of the North American animals first came into America from Asia. Animals like the buffalo and the mountain sheep did not originate in America. They came from Asia. And they came over the Behring bridge in the Pliocene age of the world. No bones of these animals are found in America previous to this time. The Indians also no doubt came into America from



Lands (Shaded) and Seas (White) at the Beginning of the Eocene Epoch.

Asia by the same route, altho the Indians came much later than the buffalo.

Until comparatively recent times in geological history, the island of Great Britain was joined to, and formed a part of, the Continent of Europe. The earliest inhabitants of Great Britain were Celts. They were called Britons by the Anglo-Saxons. Great Britain may not have become an island until some time after it was settled by human beings. The Celts may have walked dry-shod over what is now the North Sea into what was then a western peninsula of Continental Europe. That is, when England was first settled by human beings, it may have been a peninsula.

How Old Is Man?

How long it has been since man originated as a new species of animal, no one knows. But it is known that it was a long time ago. Until fifty or one hundred years ago, it was generally supposed that human beings had not existed on the earth more than five or six thousand years. But the more man is studied and the more the earth is rummaged, the further back into the past is the beginning of things known to be. It is known positively that there have been living beings on the earth for a good many millions of years. It is estimated that life has existed on the earth for fifty or one hundred million years; that is, that the animal kingdom is fifty or one hundred million years old. But during most of this time there were no human beings in the world. Man is a recent species. But it is believed that man has existed on the earth for as much as five hundred thousand years.

The Spread of Mankind

The human species probably originated somewhere in the Indian region of southern Asia. And from this as a center it has spread pretty thoroughly over the land surfaces of the globe, not only over the continents but to most of the islands. One branch moved westward and formed the dark people of Africa. Another moved north and northwest and became the white or Caucasian race. Another moved north and east and developed into the yellow or orange race, that is, the Chinese, Japanese, etc. And

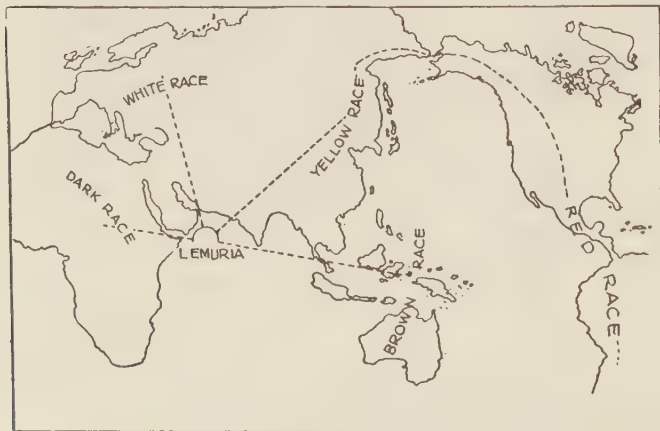
a branch of the orange race probably moved on over from Asia, past the Behring Strait region, into what is now called America, forming a modification of the orange race, the copper or red race, the so-called American Indians. And another branch of the species moved eastward to the Malay peninsula, the East India Islands, Borneo, New Guinea, the islands of the South Pacific, on as far as the Hawaiian Islands, forming the brown or Malay race. This gives you a little idea of the scattering out of the different races of men from the original human nest.

The Malays are an island race. They love the water and are at home in the water. They have been developed in connection with the water, and are largely water animals. You know there is one species of buffalo that is called the "water buffalo," because it loves the water. The Malays are water men.

The Hawaiian islands were not settled from North America nor Asia, but by those brown sea-rovers from the southwest. The nearest land to the Hawaiian islands is over 2,000 miles away. How the first human inhabitants of those remote dots ever found their way over the vast wave-wastes they had to traverse before getting there no one will ever know. But probably they were refugees, carried out to sea by a storm, and losing their way on the trackless plains, wandered on and on, until they happened to stumble upon those hitherto unknown volcano-tops. We know such things can happen, for a junk with survivors on board drifted ashore from the west at the Hawaiian islands in December, 1832.

The First Men

Original men, that is, the first men who ever existed, probably lived in small, loose bands, each band being composed of from 20 to 50 or more individuals. These bands, in their organization and modes of life, were probably very much like the bands of other animals that are met with today in the forests and on the prairies. They were without fixed places of abode. They subsisted on the fruits, nuts, roots, young shoots, and bird's eggs which they came upon during their wanderings thru the forest. These bands of early men must have had only the bare beginnings of law and government. Each band was led by an old male as chief, who had won his position as leader by his exceptional strength and intelligence. There was probably no family life, the sexes mingling much as among lower animals generally. Early men lived in a tropical climate, and were without either clothes or fire. They had long arms, and short, weak legs. Their weapons were sticks and stones. They were able to overcome all except the larger animals by co-operation and the force of numbers. They probably used the trees a great deal as a refuge in time of danger. They may have had the beginnings of superstition.



The Spread of Mankind.

Editor's Note.—The above is the first of a series of articles dealing with the origin and descent of man, special emphasis being laid on the survival of primitive traits both in human beings and in domesticated animals. This is a subject in which all thinking men and women are intensely interested. The

author of these articles is Professor J. Howard Moore, one of the world's greatest authorities on anthropology. For the permission to print this work we are indebted to the publishing house of Chas. H. Kerr & Co. of Chicago, who first brought it out in book form under the title of "Savage Survivals."

A Cry From the Ghetto

(From the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld)

THE roaring of the wheels has filled my ears,
The clashing and the clamor shut me in;
Myself, my soul, in chaos disappears,
I cannot think or feel amid the din.
Toiling and toiling and toiling—endless toil.
For whom? For what? Why should the work be done?
I do not ask, or know. I only toil.
I work until the day and night are one.

The clock above me ticks away the day,
Its hands are spinning, spinning, like the wheels.
It cannot sleep or for a moment stay,
It is a thing like me, and does not feel.
It throbs as tho my heart were beating there—
A heart? My heart? I know not what it means.
The clock ticks, and below I strive and stare.
And so we lose the hour. We are machines.

Noon calls a truce, an ending to the sound,
As if a battle had one moment stayed—
A bloody field! The dead lie all around;
Their wounds cry out until I grow afraid.
It comes—the signal! See, the dead men rise,
They fight again, amid the roar they fight.
Blindly, and knowing not for whom, or why,
They fight, they fall, they sink into the night.

The People

By TOMMASO CAMPANELLA

(Italian philosopher 1568-1639. This poem is as timely today as it was six hundred years ago.)

THE people is a beast of muddy brain
That knows not its own strength, and therefore stands
Loaded with wood and stone; the powerless hands
Of a mere child guide it with bit and rein;
One kick would be enough to break the chain,
But the beast fears, and what the child demands
It does; nor its own terror understands,
Confused and stupefied by bugbears vain.
Most wonderful! With its own hand it ties
And gags itself—gives itself death and war
For pence doled out by kings from its own store.
Its own are all things between earth and heaven;
But this it knows not; and if one arise
To tell this truth, it kills him unforgiven.



PROPAGANDA BY DEED

THE capitalists believe in propaganda—by word of mouth, by printed matter and by deed. Millions of dollars every year are spent to influence “public opinion.” Ninty-nine per cent of the “opinions” that the dear public holds are machine-made. The main purpose of the bourgeois press, however, is not to “put something over,” so to speak, but to keep those who read it in a perpetual state of mental slavery, which state is looked upon as the normal intellectual outlook of the populace.

But sometimes conditions arise which require that sterner and more effective methods be used in order to make the working class do the bidding of their masters. For instance, during strikes. Propaganda by deed is then resorted to. As witness what happened to some of the fellow workers who were unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the San Pedro police during the recent waterfront strike.

According to the sworn affidavits of a score or so of men, chief of police Oaks personally beat up three arrested strikers; several others received brutal treatment at the hands of other police officers. Also, almost a hundred prisoners were herded into a tank in the city jail and the windows shut air-tight, as a result of which the air became so foul that many of them fainted.

Yes, the master class believes in propaganda by deed. At present the state of California and the Ku Klux Klan are its chief exponents in America.

DOLLARS AND MARKS

THE eyes of the whole world are today centered on Germany. What takes place there is laden with profound meaning. It used to be said that some people can see the grass grow in the spring of the year. In Germany things are happening so fast nowadays that by observing her closely we can see with out naked eyes, so to speak, the disintegration of capitalism and the pass-

ing away of the old order of things in general.

On June 18 the German mark is reported to have reached the record level of 160,500 to the dollar. This is followed by a panic. Many of the banks and stores close their doors. The workmen realize that their real wages have been still further reduced below the starvation line on which they have been living, and threaten to call a general strike. In the Ruhr district the French invaders have practically handed the work-ingmen an ultimatum either to work, fight, or starve.

The monetary system has crumbled utterly; and it is one of the bulwarks of capitalism. The “living wage,” or any slightest approach to it, has disappeared; it at least keeps workers in some other countries temporarily contented. Personal initiative, thrift and perseverance can no longer get anything for anybody in Germany; and these constitute almost the whole of the moral background of capitalism. Truly, in Germany, the end of the world is close at hand—the world of capitalism.

The lesson that the German workers are learning from their untold suffering and agony is that in order to extricate themselves from their present predicament and become masters over life they first have to become masters over industry.

THE SANCTIMONIOUS STEEL TRUST

THE Steel Trust has decided that the twelve-hour day is a good thing for the souls and bodies of its employes, as well as for the general welfare of the “public.” Incidentally, we take it for granted that it is not such a bad thing for the pockets of the stockholders, either.

Judge Gary, Charles M. Schwab, and that whole gang of industrial super-pirates who fatten on the sweat and blood of their thousands of slaves who toil in those hell-holes of smoke, heat and molten metal known as the steel and iron mills, are

strong for the teachings of the Bible, the beauties of the Holy Land, and the wholesome effects of the 12-hour day.

And yet there are some people left who still believe in all sincerity that this country is "the land of the brave and the home of the free." Free, indeed, to slave your life away for the enrichment of a handful of parasitical overlords!

Never before has production in the steel and iron industries reached such a high peak, and never before have the profits been so enormously great. Steel is now being manufactured at the rate of approximately 44,000,000 tons a year, an increase of 4,000,000 over the previous high mark. Still these magnates are not satisfied.

Even the federated church bodies, representing some fifty million Protestants, Catholics and Jews, have joined in the protest against this barbarous action of the Steel Trust. The Federated American Engineering societies have taken like action, after a careful two-year investigation. "Our committee found indisputably," says their report, "that the 12-hour shift is not economically necessary and that continuous industry can be run at a profit with the shorter working day."

We entertain grave doubts that the steel workers will get this shorter work day until they organize industrially at the point of production.

THE BULGARIAN "REVOLUTION"

ANOTHER country has fallen victim to the reaction in Europe. Fascism can add another feather of victory to its cap. The peasant government which ruled Bulgaria since the armistice has been overthrown, Premier Stambouliski has been murdered and a military dictatorship set up. All true and trusty reactionaries—all those who believe that the "lower classes" ought to be "shown their place"—are greatly overjoyed.

Of course, there was nothing much about the Stambouliski regime for the industrial workers to fall in love with. It represented the material interests and aspirations of

the peasantry. And the idealism of the peasants is not of the kind that soars over the mountain tops. The city workers were given hardly any consideration by the government. Still, peasants are producers of wealth; they are not to be put in the same category with the feudal and industrial lords and parasites who are shoving Europe to the brink of utter ruin.

As usual, the Bulgarian counter-revolution was accompanied by violence and bloodshed. The "new reaction" believes that might is right, and it practices what it preaches. Today the mailed fist rules supreme in Italy, France, Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria. The doctrine of "brotherly love" has been pigeon-holed, at least for the time being, as being either a back-number or an unattainable ideal.

What will be the fate of the working class, of the liberals, of the radicals of various complexions, under the new regime? Will they be tortured and slaughtered by the thousands, as was the case in Hungary after Admiral Horthy and his "white" henchmen took over the reins of power? There can be no doubt that both the peasants and the city workers will be made to suffer greatly.

The only hope for bleeding, unhappy Europe is a united working class determined to throw overboard all the militaristic parasites, to take over the functions of production and distribution, and to bring order out of chaos by operating industry for use instead of for profit. A big job!—but sooner or later it will have to be done.

BOURGEOIS JUSTICE

A MAN in Brooklyn by the name of Gabriel Ianotte will have to serve approximately twelve years in Sing Sing because he stole a thirty-five cent teapot. The war-profiteers and contractors stole many millions of the people's money and none of them have yet been sentenced to serve even twelve days in jail—to say nothing of twelve years. If Ianotte had stolen thirty-five million dollars he would be one of our "best" citizens.



I AM thinking of moving to the city. What would you say are the advantages of city over country life?—John F.

Our answer to the above question would be that when it comes to advantages of various kinds, the country ain't in it—any way you look at it. Take such a little matter as doing chores, for instance. Why, there's hardly any chores to be done in the city, cows being few and far between, and instead of horses we have automobiles. You can feed a tin lizzy a couple gallons of gasoline any time of day, so there's no reason to get bumped out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to attend to the feeding. As for the milking—well, most of that is done by slick guys who hang out downtown, and it's mostly fellows that are new in the ways of the city that get milked. So you see somebody else does the work.

There are many other advantages, but we can only enumerate a few of them here. One of them is that you don't have to have anybody call you in the morning, the street cars will wake you up long before day-break. In some parts of town they will also keep you from falling asleep—so you see all the time you save, which otherwise you would sleep away for nothing.

According to statistics twenty-five thousand people commit suicide every year in the United States. Those that live in the country must have a hard time of it, as the facilities there for making a trip to the happy hunting grounds are very few. In a city all you got to do is go down to the business section, shut your eyes and start out to walk across a busy street. By the time you get over to the opposite sidewalk you will have a harp in your hands and a halo around your dome, or else—well, you know as much about the other place as we do. Oftentimes you will get there even without shutting your eyes.

Another way of committing suicide is by eating in the Greek and Jap restaurants and other cheap joints. That takes a little more time but to the best of our knowledge it's never been known to fail. Slow but sure.

Living quarters in the city have it all over the country. There are thousands and thousands of swell apartments in the fine hotels and better parts of town—some of them renting for as low as hundred and fifty plunks per month. If you get a job making twenty or twenty-five a week and if you save your money, in just a short time—say, ten or

fifteen years—you will have enough money saved up to rent one of these apartments for a month.

Then think of the great variety or diversity of things in a large city! A million things to see, feel and experience. Have you ever been thru the East Side of New York City? Well, you ought to go there. You will find miles and miles of brick tenement houses—very few of them are **exactly** alike—countless heaps of garbage in various stages of putrefaction, a million or so dirty kids having the time of their lives playing hide and seek in between speeding automobiles, and innumerable push-cart peddlers sporting the choicest assortment of whiskers to be found anywhere on earth. It's a great sight! There you will find impersonified the wonderful progress that the human race has made in less than twenty centuries of continuous upward march toward the heights of perfection.

Some people say that there are not enough trees and other signs of real nature in the large cities, but that's a darn lie. Take, for instance, Chicago. No matter where one might live an hour's ride on the street car will bring him to a square or park where there's a few trees and perhaps even a patch of grass. What more does anybody want?

Then again, if one likes trees, let him go to the art museums. There are lots of trees there—on canvas. Of course, it might take him a good long while before he will be able to distinguish, let us say, between "a little girl chasing a butterfly" and "a cherry tree in blossom." Futuristic art is one of the greatest exercises for the mind that we know of. Another advantage that the city has over the country. In the country they still call a cow a cow and a spade a spade—don't know any better.

We hope that by this time you see where the country gets off at, when pitted up against the city—it's out of the race altogether. If you want to get more points on this write us again in the future.

I have often wondered why so many working people when they go into restaurants order hamburger steak or Irish stew, instead of T-bone steak or half spring chicken with all the trimmings. Could you enlighten me on this subject thru The Question Box?—Genevieve Louise V.

This is a question that has been a great puzzle to the deepest students of psychology, scholars in ethics and anthropology, and other learned men for a long time. Why will a man prefer pork and beans

to broiled tenderloin steak with mushrooms au gratin and shoe-string potatoes? To extend the same question to other fields, why will a man buy an old shabby suit of second-handed hand-me-downs when the stores are chuck full of the finest all-wool suits cut in the latest patterns?

That part of the question dealing with T-bone steaks we would advise you to refer to T-Bone Slim. Very likely he will be able to throw some light on the subject, since he is reputed to know all about that variety of the steak family.

But to get back to the original question: Various solutions have been advanced by our great and learned men. For example, there is Professor Wisenacer, head of the department of experimental psychotherapy of the House of Morgan University, who has won world-wide fame by his ingenuous "Irish stew complex" hypothesis. It's supposed to work like this: A working stiff that's been heaving coal the whole day long goes into a restaurant for supper feeling all tired out. While waiting for the hash-slinger to grab his order he figures as follows: Jack Dempsey is Irish; Irish stew is Irish; ergo, if I eat enough Irish stew I will become as strong as Jack Dempsey. So he hollers out to the waiter: "Irish stew on one, heavy on the Irish potatoes!" While under the influence of this "complex" it never occurs to the poor guy that he could have ordered just as easily a porterhouse steak with hash-brown potatoes and a side of sliced tomatoes.

Professor Wisenacer has made his mark in the world by putting forth the above hypothesis, but Doctor Servtherich of the Steel Trust University is not far behind. He has made announcement recently of his epoch-making theory that working people eat hamburger steaks because the shape of the steaks remind them of the mud-pies they used to make when they were kids. These people want to live over again the happy days of their care-free childhood—and so they feast their eyes on hamburger steaks. Them were the happy days—eh? No income tax reports to fill out, no automobile repair bills to pay, no silk dresses to buy for the dear girls that's getting the finishing touches put on at the Young Ladies' Finishing School!

By way of parenthesis, we might also mention that some hare-brained crank who ought to be sent to the state psychopathic hospital has made the crack that some people order hamburger and stew because these cost less than the other things. Can you imagine anything as foolish as all that? What's a few dollars a day more or less spent on grub, when the people of this nation are the proud possessors of wealth estimated at five hundred billion dollars? The idea is ridiculous on the face of it!

What is your explanation why styles in clothes change so often?—J. P. L.

Changing styles in wearing apparel every few weeks is a highly effective method of raking into the coffers of the clothing manufacturers what loose coin the so-called people have left after they have satisfied the rest of their demands.

It merely goes to show that there is no limit to the cleverness of some men. If the young ladies are slow in buying dresses with short skirts, make the skirts a couple yards longer and they will have to buy, or be adjudged back-numbers by the fashion experts. No self-respecting, conventional-minded young thing—especially of marriagable age—wants to be told that her glad rags are a hundred years behind the times, and so she, or her papa, coughs up enough kale to buy a few new dresses. The clothing manufacturers and merchants pocket the profits.

The same thing applies to men's clothes. If pinch-back suits are the style now, three months later "sack effects" will be all the go. There is no end to the variety of combinations that coat buttons lend themselves to. One, two, three and four button suits come and go with lightning rapidity. Business is stimulated. The capitalists who control the clothing industry heap up the profits; that's all they are interested in, anyhow. They don't give a hang whether the new style is artistic or not.

But this whole question, from our point of view, is a side issue. We are primarily concerned with fighting the master class at the point of production.



Rational Living Versus Abrams

By BENZION LIBER, M. D.

FOREWORD by Editor: In the May issue of The Industrial Pioneer was printed an article dealing with the Electronic Reactions of Abrams. While the intentions of the author were undoubtedly of the best, it cannot be denied that the contribution savored of unwarranted partiality to the claims of Dr. Abrams and his disciples. We have received many criticisms of the article, written by medical men and students of health culture and allied subjects. Of especial interest to us have been the points raised in their friendly letters by T. H. Bell and Alice Chase of Los Angeles and Dr. Benzion Liber of New York City.

The Industrial Pioneer believes in square and fair dealing with its many thousands of readers and well-wishers, especially in regards to as vital a question as the conservation of health and the curing of disease. If in our May number the author of the Abrams article has not treated his subject as impartially as he should have done, we stand ready to be corrected. Owing to lack of space we cannot print more than one of the criticisms sent us. The sender of the letter printed below is Dr. Benzion Liber, editor of "Rational Living," a radical health journal published monthly in New York City, and author of "The Child and the Home."

Editor, "The Industrial Pioneer,"
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Fellow Worker:

In your May issue you printed an article on the Abrams methods. It was one-sided, biased, and altho painted red at the end by the mention of "exploitation of man by man," it was, in my opinion, out of place in a radical labor magazine. Its author seemed to forget that the real primary causes of disease among workers lie in poverty, overwork, insufficient rest, ignorance, improper food, congested living conditions, too many children, wrong posture at work, poisonous gases, fumes, vapors in the shops, inhaling obnoxious dusts, etc., and that these causes cannot be removed by the operation of an electric apparatus, no matter how clever it is.

The author claims that "sickness is unknown among animals which have not become domesticated." The assertion is wholly unfounded. As a matter of fact all wild species of animals have their diseases and most wild plants are infested with sickness. The belief to the contrary may have an unnecessarily discouraging effect upon your readers.

While I have criticized and exposed the medical profession more than anybody else, I cannot tolerate any fraud and humbug anywhere. The fact that some "healers" are opposed to regular doctors does

not mean that they are more honest than the latter. And it is certainly not true that "the great bulk of the doctors who rely upon drugs and surgery realize that if a definite method for actually curing people has been found, many of them will find themselves out of jobs." On the contrary, they would have only to gain by accepting the Abrams theory: there is more money in it than in our regular practice!

I have studied the Abrams methods at first hand and have seen many patients treated with them and I can say: Not only is it untrue that "many thousands have been cured" by them, but I have not seen one case really and permanently cured by them.

He says: "So far I have not read or heard anything which in my opinion invalidates the claims of Dr. Abrams."

I wonder whether he has read my article on the Abrams method in "Rational Living" for January or the letter of an Abrams student in the February issue, or the article of the same student, a Chicago physician, in the March issue of the same magazine? Is he or any other Abramite able to refute one by one the facts packed into those articles? If he is, why does he fail to do it? Is it perhaps because they were published in a small journal, with a limited circulation?

It would also interest him to learn that the author of a series of articles favorable to Abrams and published in The New York Call—one whose quotations are still peddled around by the promoters of the new cult—has recently confessed his mistake, as can be seen in the March issue of "Rational Living."

Most physicians or pseudo-physicians who have adopted the Abrams methods belong to one of the following two types of men or to a combination of both: Half-baked, superstitious persons, inclined to the miraculous and ready to believe anything without the need of really and absolutely convincing proofs, or those who will accept any new theory which may bring in quick and easy money, at least until it is found to be erroneous.

The writer of these lines was open-minded and willing to learn, but remained unconvinced by Abrams himself, his pupils and his patients, or rather became convinced thru them that the electronic reactions are of no use whatever in the cure of real human ailments.

Hoping that you will not misunderstand the spirit of perfect friendship and devotion to your ideals with which I am writing, I am,

Yours for honest enlightening of the workers,

BENZION LIBER
Editor "Rational Living."



Organization News and Views

THE purpose of this department will be to establish a closer bond of interest and cooperation between The Industrial Pioneer and the fellow workers out in the field who are doing such wonderful work in spreading the message of industrial unionism, and the various industrial unions which make up the organization. All suggestions, reports and criticisms of a constructive nature, no matter what part of the country they come from, will be given due consideration. Mutual understanding is one of the factors that makes for success in any organization.

We print below the communications received for this department by the time of going to press:

* *

DEFENSE PUBLICITY GETTING RESULTS

Persecution against I. W. W. members is gradually going into oblivion. This is the result of tons of publicity broadcasted worldwide by the General Defense Committee. Besides issuing leaflets, pamphlets and special articles, the committee is now specializing on circular letters sent to addresses obtained from telephone books. The latter method is proving an effective instrument in reaching the people immediately concerned.

However, two big questions still confront us, namely: the release of the remaining war-time prisoners and the release of all state prisoners serving sentences on account of organization activity.

If the General Defense Committee can rely on the fullest cooperation of the membership this summer, this year should see every imprisoned member at liberty.

Harry Feinberg,
Sec'y, General Defense Committee.

* *

EDUCATIONAL BUREAU ACTIVE

At present the I. W. W. Educational Bureau is composed of one man, who acts somewhat like a professional editorial writer on a newspaper. Various matters of importance arise in the work of the unions and of the General Headquarters, and subjects are assigned the Bureau for articles, to be printed as leaflets, or to run in the organization periodicals.

An attempt will be made shortly to add to this service that of being a clearing house for data on the labor world, and a catalog of reference and information. If all members in all industries would keep track of the industrial situation, conditions of labor, and outstanding events in their particular vicinity, and would periodically transmit such intelligence to the Educational Bureau, it would be very valuable, as it could be held on file, and would be of use to delegates, and active members when they want it. The Bureau could then function as an information service, and such a service is needed.

Vern Smith.

* *

WHAT'S DOING IN THE FOODSTUFF INDUSTRY?

Considering the amount of propaganda that has been spread among the foodstuff workers in the past six months, members of Industrial Union No. 460 of the I. W. W. are keeping up with the pace set by other workers in other industrial unions and are rapidly falling in line in getting the organization well established on the job. In the near future good results can be expected to come from the campaign that has been carried on by members and delegates of I. U. 460.

They are putting on an added spurt of pep in getting behind the California Boycott and doing all that they can in getting the idea across that it is up to the workers in that industry, along with the workers in other industries, to stand solidly together at all times in the struggles of the working class against the bosses.

They are also swinging behind the Organization in raising their quota of the Bond Obligation Certificates. Delegates are writing in here for them and some of the members are demanding them before they are off the press.

James Carroll,
Sec'y-Treas., I. U. 460.

* *

ACTIVITIES IN I. U. 440

The situation in the metal and machinery industries is very promising and all along the line I. U. 440 is making progress. In the New England states

there is much activity, particularly in Fitchburg and Worcester, Mass., and Bridgeport, Conn.

The Central and Calumet districts are being taken care of by F. W. Anderson, Chairman of G. O. C. He is now in the Central district in the city of Detroit, Mich., and will leave soon for an organization campaign in several Ohio cities where the sentiment is exceptionally strong.

The present credentials expire on July 1st and all delegates are asked to renew them at once, and to urge upon their fellow workers the necessity of carrying credentials in I. U. 440.

W. H. Thompson,
Sec'y-Treas., I. U. 440



Organization of the Stockyard Workers is One of the Big Jobs Confronting I. U. 460.

Cry of the People

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

TREMBLE before your chattels,
Lords of the scheme of things!
Fighters of all earth's battles,
Ours is the might of kings!
Guided by seers and sages,
The world's heart-beat for a drum,
Snapping the chains of ages,
Out of the night we come!

Lend us no ear that pities!
Offer no almoner's hand!
Alms for the builders of cities!
When will you understand?
Down with your pride of birth
And your golden gods of trade!
A man is worth to his mother, Earth,
All that a man has made!

We are the workers and makers!
We are no longer dumb!
Tremble, O Shirkers and Takers!
Sweeping the earth—we come!
Ranked in the world-wide dawn,
Marching into the day!
The night is gone and the sword is drawn
And the scabbard is thrown away!

With Our Readers and Contributors

THE new Industrial Pioneer has been given a wonderful reception by our members and friends of the labor movement in general. However, we are not content to be satisfied with the results achieved to date. We know that there are scores of men and women thruout the United States who could be of great service in making the Pioneer a bigger and a better magazine, if only their constructive ideas could be conveyed to us and put into operation.

To the end of getting whole-hearted cooperation from our readers, we are printing below a number of comments and criticisms as well as correspondence of a more general nature. The Industrial Pioneer is anxious to receive suggestions for improvements and criticisms of a constructive character.

Elsewhere in this number appears a letter from Dr. Ben Zion Liber about the Abrams theory. We, therefore, feel in justice bound to print also this letter from Upton Sinclair which was received only a day or two before going to press:

"Editor, The Industrial Pioneer,

"I thank you very much for your friendly words. I will send you something as to the outcome of our fight. I have already written a long story about the whole affair for the "Liberator" and a brief statement for the "Nation."

"Now, with regard to the Abrams matter: I have read most of the attacks upon his work, but it does not at all modify the fundamental fact that everywhere I go I run into somebody who has been miraculously cured by the Abrams method. A young man came forward to act as organizer for the Civil Liberties Union, and I learned that his wife had been cured of cancer of the stomach. One of the women who joined our committee to interview the mayor, Mrs. (name follows), had also been cured of cancer. And so it goes. Of course, some of the men practicing the method are incompetent, and a great many of them are mercenary, but I have no doubt whatever that the method is a real thing."

Sincerely,

Upton Sinclair.

Extracts from other letters follow:

"Both the Pioneer and Solidarity are splendid. Any one of the articles in the Pioneer is worth the price. . . . Do not lose an opportunity or any time in putting it to the railway brotherhoods and the public ownership leagues that they are guilty of criminal syndicalism in advocating public ownership of public utilities. That would make a good article that will provoke a reply from the brotherhood journals and will reach all classes of railway men and so they will learn of the persecution of the I. W. W."

Isaac R. Johnson, Milwaukee, Wis.

The following letter will give us an indication of the wonderful progress that is being made by the M. T. W.; also, it shows the spirit of cooperation that will make a success of the Pioneer:

"Am going to sea as soon as I get the right kind of a ship and may do some writing while on the deep. The ships are so plentiful now that we experienced men can take our pick of them. Some of the shipping masters are coming to the hall after men as we have the biggest share of the good men carrying cards and they are looking for men with sea experience. . . . If you keep the Pioneer going as good as the first two issues have been there is no reason why it should not get in the field to stay provided you get the proper cooperation from the membership."

James McColloster, New Orleans, La.

"Increase bundle order to 50 copies as 20 is just a drop in the bucket. Send 10 more copies of the June issue."

John M. Reilly, Taft, Calif.

"I sure am glad to see the Pioneer out again as we need such a scientific, proletarian monthly in circulation. Hope it will expand and expand. The first issue is fine indeed. Have deeply enjoyed its articles, poems—everything in it is of merit that the workers may be proud of."

Alice Chase, Los Angeles, Calif.

"The first issue of the Pioneer is surely good. It is the best labor magazine in the country. There are two articles in there that I especially like. One is: "Organize the Unorganized," and the other is: "Forcing the Farmers off the Farms." Both these articles will soak into the heads of the workers if they got anything in their noodles. Just keep on with your good work."

Knute Johnson, Duluth, Minn.

"I'm sure glad to see The Industrial Pioneer out in the field again, it sure is all you claim it to be and more. On with the good work!"

Henry Tonn, Gladstone, Mich.

Here is an extract from a letter sent by a well wisher of the labor movement to a friend of his:

"If you want an especially good book or magazine, one you will read from cover to cover, write to The Industrial Pioneer, 1001 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill., for their May issue."

Mr. Wade, Washington, D. C.

"I bought the May issue at the branch and can say it was fine, better than the old Pioneer, which was published until a year ago."

Lawrence J. Seco, New Orleans, La.

INDUSTRIAL PIONEER

"In a large measure you have my praise and congratulations in your initial issue of Vol. 1 No. 1. It sparkles with wholesome mental food and reflects the splendid spirit of moral courage."

Chas. Bonsall, Salem, Ohio.

"The Pioneer for May was a hummer, splendid in every detail."

Harry Clayton, San Quentin, Calif.

"You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from an old crank like me. Perhaps you have already noted the unusual style of my stationery and come logically to the conclusion that I am in the penitentiary. My address is always the same. It is like everything else in this place, in that respect; it never changes. Monotony, the omnipresent god, reigns supreme.

"I picked up my pen just to say that I have now read the first two issues of The Industrial Pioneer. I came very near writing you upon receipt of the first issue. I liked it very much and wondered if every succeeding issue would be as good. I did not believe it and so I did not hasten with congratulations and praise.

"The second number has arrived. It contains an excellent article by Vern Smith about the lumber strike. That article by Fred R. Wedge on the San Pedro strike was certainly a good one. He "knows his stuff." As a rule, I do not read much poetry but I did read the "Ballad of Sandy McCole" with unusual pleasure. That poem sets off the Vern Smith article in fine shape. But why pick out a few of them as I have done? They are all good. If The Industrial Pioneer holds up to its present standard, then success is assured.

Be assured of my complete approbations of The Industrial Pioneer."

Forrest Edwards, Leavenworth, Kansas.

KLIMENT MASLOFF WILLS FIFTY DOLLARS TO THE PIONEER

We want to call the attention of all our readers to the action of Kliment Masloff, one of our Bulgarian fellow workers, who did not forget the class struggle even in his dying hour. He willed all his earthly possessions to the industrial union movement, fifty dollars going to The Industrial Pioneer. This is a superb example of the spirit which will win for the working class its fight against the exploiting parasites.

* * *

The response to our appeal in the last issue of the Pioneer for three months' subscriptions has not been as gratifying as it could be. Quite a number of them have been sent in, but we feel that many more of our friends and members should take advantage of this offer, which no doubt they will in the future. At the top of the list this month come the following two fellow workers, each of whom sent in five three months' subscriptions: Al Frane, Omaha, Nebr., and Joseph Wagner, Grand Tower, Ill.

Forty-six



Left to Right: Albin Bratland, Peter Lustica, Paul Ware, J. L. DeHoog, W. Nelson, Alfred Kohn. The Above Fellow Workers Belong to the Group of Thirteen Whose Trial on Charges of Criminal Syndicalism started in Los Angeles on Jan. 31. Paul Ware, Alfred Kohn, John Nolan and Herbert White Were Given One to Fourteen Years, Albin Bratland, Peter Lustica, T. L. DeHoog, W. Nelson, B. Johansen, Geo. Anderson, Alfred Olson, Ray Guthrie and A. Ross Were Acquitted.

Work

By VIOLET KAMINSKY

WORK, work, work!

Beat your hammers faster,

Move your fingers nimbler,
Not a minute dare you shirk!

I pay you for the
Work, work, work!

Never mind the overstocking,
That will mean a blocking,
For future days to come.

Now I do demand!

I need your laboring hand.

Do your very best!

Tomorrow you may rest,

For there will be no

Work, work, work!